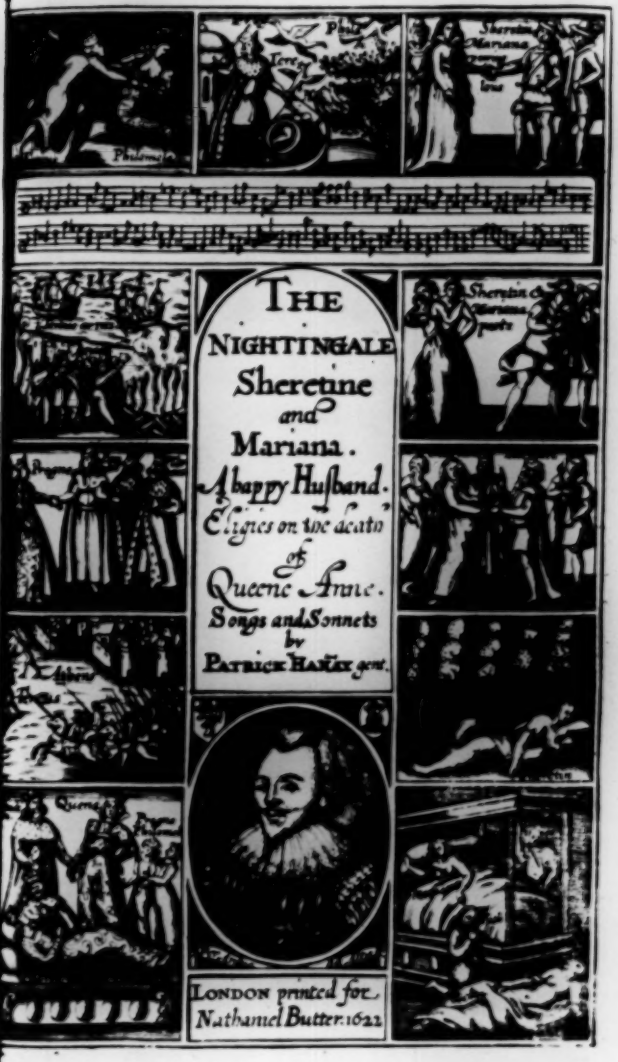

THE
NIGHTINGALE
Sheretine
and
Mariana.
A happy Husband.
Elegies on the death
of
Queene Anne.
Songs and Sonnets
by
PATRICK HANNAY gent.
LONDON printed for
Nathaniel Butter. 1622



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# TO THE MOST illuſtrious Princeſſe FRANCIS Dutcheſſe of *Lenox*, Counteſſe of HERTFORD and *Richmond*.



*Weet* Philomela's *long concealed woe,*
*From darke oblivion now I bring to light;*
*That (though it helpe her not) the world may know,*
*The cauſe ſhe ſobbeth out her notes by night:*
*Which to you (greateſt Lady) I preſent,*
*Fruit of ſome houres I with the Muſes ſpent.*

*It is well knowne honour hath beene had*
*By Patronizing of a worke of worth,*
*Whilſt skilfull Art did cunningly o're-ſhade*
*The Patrones weakneſſe, and his praiſe point forth:*
*Here it's not ſo, my work meane, your worth main,*
*Hereby I honour may, you none attaine.*

# The Epiſtle Dedicatorie.

*For ſuch are you, whom Nature, beautie, grace,*
*So faire hath fram'd, adorn'd, ſo well indu'd:*
*As if thoſe three contended had to place*
*In you perfection, which their ſtore hath ſhew'd:*
*With whom vertue hath ioyn'd & mak'ſt appeare,*
*Deſeruedly you moue firſt in this ſphere.*

*So as thou canſt not by a learn'der quill*
*Be honour'd, or receiue an equall praiſe*
*Vnto thy merits, they each preſſe ſhould fill,*
*Should goe about with words thy worth to raiſe:*
*In it I'le reſt: thy name which doth adorne*
*This frontiſpice, is my birds Aprill morne.*

*If that your Grace doe but my labours grace,*
*Each Lady's lodging ſhall a groue be thought:*
*The Nightingale ſhall ſing in euery place;*
*Nay, thereby ſhall a miracle be wrought:*
*For if you but my* Philomela *cheare,*
*Her ſinging-ſpring-tide ſhall laſt all the yeare.*

Euer moſt humbly deuoted to
your Graces ſeruice,

PATRICK HANNAY.

# To his friend the Author.

*LEt thoſe that ſtudie how to praiſe a friend,*
*Or ſeeke to flatter him beyond deſert,*
*Shake hands with me, for I haue no ſuch end,*
*That befits him that hath a fawning hart:*
*I only care to let the Author know*
*I lone him, and his booke for vertues ſake:*
*His worke, his worth vnto the world doth ſhow,*
*Which for a patterne doth his practiſe take.*
*It needs no ſycophant to ſet it forth,*
*(The wine is good you well the buſh may ſcorne:)*
*My praiſe-defectiue ſhould detract the worth,*
*Which with ſuch luſtre doth each leafe adorne.*
*All I will ſay is this, it's done ſo well,*
*Some may come nie, ſome match, but none excell.*

Edward Leuenthorpe.

## To my louing Kinſman the Author.

*THy* Philomela's *ſad (yet well ſung) note,*
*Wrong'd* Sheretine *and* Mariana's *lone:*
Home's Husband: Anna's *Elegies ſo wrote,*
*Thy Songs and Sonnets paſſion deepe did moue;*
*Doe well approue that thy ingenious wit,*
*For euery meaſure, euery ſubiects fit.*

Robert Hannay.

*Authori.*

QVis tibi Hannæe veteri pro ſtemmate certet?
Gente à Romulidum gens tua quando ve-
Annæi micuere duo, vateſque ſophuſque (nit;
His etiam Hannæus tertius eſſe poteſt.

*Iohannes Dunbar.*

## To his much reſpected friend Maſter PATRICK HANNAY.

HAnnay *thy worth bewrayes well whence thou'rt* (*ſprung,*
*And that that honour'd Name thou doſt not wrong:*
*As if from* Sorby's *ſtock no branch could ſprout,*
*But ſhould with* Rip'ning-time *beare golden fruit:*
*Thy Anceſtors were euer worthy found,*
*Elſe* Galdus *graue had grac'd no* Hannay's *ground:*
*Thy fathers father* Donald *well was knowne*
*To th'*Engliſh *by his ſword, but thou art ſhowne*
*To them by pen, (times changing)* Hannay's *are*
*Active in acts of worth be't peace or warre.*
*Goe on in vertue,* After-times *will tell,*
*None but* A Hannay *could haue done ſo well.*

King Galdus (that Worthie) who ſo bravely fought with the Romans, lies buried in the lands of *Patrick Hannay* of *Kirkdale* in *Galloway.*

Io: Marſhall.

## Of the Author.

*READer I'm briefe, this Poems pend ſo well,*
*Of Muſes nine his is the Philomel.*

Iohn Hamar.

*To his friend the Author.*

Laus tua, non tua res, cogit me ſcribere, vultus
Gratia ſic dulcis : os facit haud jubet ars.

MAſſiſt my muſe from your Parnaſſus hie:
Meonian *Chorus now incline to me,*
*ome influence infuſe you in my braine,*
*hat I this Author in a higher ſtraine*
*fforc'd may be to praiſe : a ſimple wit*
*are ones to praiſe, nor able is nor fit.*

PAtrick *ffixed are to thy ingenious braine :*
Pierian *vertues with* Homerian wit,
*he penning of theſe Poems proueth it*
*ais'd from oblition in a loftie veine :*
*n this our age ( though many doe affect*
*unning in verſe, and would be counted rare )*
*now I none worthy of the like reſpect,*
*uer greene Lawrell muſt fall to thy ſhare.*

HAnnay *erein yet doe I nothing flatter thee,*
*lthough in part thy parts I doe diſplay :*
*or none will doubt thereof that doth thee ſee,*
*eedleſſe were fayning where ſuch vertues ſway:*
*rt ſhewes it ſelfe by thy ſweet flowing pen,*
*eelding the Wreath to thee from rareſt men.*

I.M. C.

## To the Author.

*HEre view the Map of greatneſſe, regall ſtates,*
*Kings throwne from thrones, crownes throwne*
*from royall Mates:*
*Where trech'rous greed to raigne, ambitious ends*
*Maine rights diuide, intrude falſe foes for friends:*
*Here trie the courſe of warres, there ſee that ſtem,*
*The awfull Scepter, glorious Diadem,*
*Which once Hungarian Kings, maieſticke ſweyd,*
*(Borne to command, though neuer well obeyd)*
*How reard, ſubuers'd, replac'd, defac'd againe,*
*Their Kingdome (vncontinu'd) did remaine.*
*But what in Thee, (than rare) I moſt admire,*
*Is this fierce flame, fraught with Caſtalian fire;*
*Thy pleaſant ſtraine, fram'd in this art diuine*
*And quicke inuention, th'eſſence of engine;*
*Wherein* Apollo *harpes, the* Muſes *prance*
*The font-drawn forked ſharps, with glemings glance*
*This tragick tune to grace; the Nimphs adorne*
*Thee, with immortall fame, of liues forlorne:*
*So do thy Liricks, ſet in tripping meaſures*
*Show skilful wit, ſprung from* Alcinoes *treaſures,*
*Which ſwim on* Demthen, *ſweet* Permeſſen *pleaſures:*
*Thus may thy worth, thy curious works Thee raiſe,*
*Few haue deſeru'd (or can attaine) more praiſe.*

William Lithgow.

## In Imaginem.

*TExpreſſe the Authors face, braſſe, inke & Art*
*Haue done their beſt, but for his better part*
*The Grecian* Philomel *in Engliſh tongue*
Marian, *a Husband, Elegies well ſung,*
*Haue giuen a touch, as in a clowdie night*
*Obſcured* Phœbe *ſhewes her vailed light;*
*And at ſome turnes where clouds doe ill cohere,*
*With full beames ſhines out from her ſiluer ſphere;*
*So are his ſhaded paſſages of wit,*
*(Where birds doe ſpeake, and women in a fit:)*
*Who could ſo well haue told faire* Marians *wrong,*
*Or taught the Athenian bird a London ſong,*
*As he to whom the depth of loue is knowne,*
*And carning others can cut out his owne:*
*Which in ſome part is here ſo well expreſt,*
*None but himſelfe can repreſent the reſt.*

Robert Alane.

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*Philomela*, or the *Nightingale*, which here followes, is to be ſung (by thoſe that pleaſe) to the tune ſet downe before in the frontiſpice

# PHILOMELA,
## The *Nightingale*.

### THE ARGVMENT.

PANDION *King of* Athens, *takes a wife,*
*He dearly loues her, ſhe him with like ſtrife:*
*They iſſue haue, two daughters (who excell)*
Progne *the faire*; *and fairer* Philomel.
*Fortune befriends not long, death her ſurpriſeth:*
Pandion *grieues, new cauſe of griefe ariſeth.*
*Barbarians him inuade, the Thracian King*
*Them foyles*; *and ſuccours to the ſieg'd doth bring.*
*Hee's entertain'd*; Cupid *with louing fires*
*Of* Progne *warmes him*; *ſhee hath like deſires.*
*Hee wooes, ſhee's wonne, her father's glad he ſped:*
*With Princely pompe they ſolemnly doe wed.*
Tereus *with* Progne *vnto* Thrace *returnes:*
Thrace *ioies therfore, therfore ſad* Athens *mourns.*
*Fiue yeeres in* Thrace *they glad together liue,*
Progne *for* Philomela *ginnes to grieue:*
*Longs for her ſight, her husband doth intreat,*
*To worke a way they may together meet.*
*Hee yeelds, takes ſayle, to* Athens *backe returnes,*
*Vnlawfull loue of* Philomel *him burnes.*
*Her native beautie, and her rich attire,*

## The ARGVMENT.

*Inrich'd by cunning Art he doth admire.*
*With luſt inrag'd he ſore* Pandion *preſt*
*That ſhe might with him goe, at laſt did wreſt*
*Vnwilling grant: he her commits with teares*
*To* Tereus *charge, his loue ſuſpecting feares.*
*Hee takes his faith, moues her to ſwift returne;*
*They weeping part,* Pandion *left doth mourne.*
*They ſayle, ſee ſhoare, they land, no more delay*
Tereus *can brooke, nor doth hee her aſſay*
*By words, knowing it bootleſſe: to a wood*
*Hee drew her, ſpoke his thought; amaz'd ſhe ſtood.*
*Hee forc'd, ſhee faints; reuiu'd, reuenge of wrong*
*Shee vow'd to take; hee feareſull leſt her tongue*
*Should blaze his crime, he cuts 't out with his blade,*
*That woefull wood a priſon for her made.*
*Then home returnes, faineth her Funerall,*
Progne *her mournes, ſhee vnto worke doth fall,*
*Of party-coloured wooll by skilfull Art,*
*A web ſhee made that did her woes impart.*
Progne *a ſharpe reuenge doth vndertake;*
*Time fauours her deſignes with* Bacchus *wake,*
*Shee takes her out, comes home, her flattring childe*
*Shee kills and dreſſes; fury made her wilde:*
*To his ſire for food ſhe giues him, hee doth eat*
*His owne fleſh; his fault* Progne *lets him weat,*
*The ſiſters he perſues, with rage he burn'd,*
*Both hee and they on ſudden birds are turn'd.*

PHILO-

# PHILOMELA,

## The *Nightingale.*

WAlking I chanc'd into a ſhade,
Which top-in-twining trees had made
Of many ſeuerall kinds.
There grew the high aſpiring Elme,
With boughes bathing in gum-like balm,
Diſtilling through their rinds.
The Maple with a skarry skinne
Did ſpread broad pallid leaues:
The quaking Aſpine light and thinne
To th'ayre light paſſage giues:
Reſembling ſtill
The trembling ill
Of tongues of womankinde,
Which neuer reſt,
But ſtill are preſt
To waue with euery winde.

The Mirtle made of nought but ſweets,
Loue-loathing *Daphne's* of-ſpring greets,
whoſe top no ſteele ere lop'd;
Nor vnder-boughes with biting beaſts
Returning from their fodder-feaſts,
for banket nere had crop'd.
The lowly bankes did bath in dew,
which from the tops diſtild:
There Eglantine and Iuy grew,
ſweet Mint and Margiram wilde:
With many more,
*Pomona's* ſtore
Was plentifully plac'd,
That nought did want,
Nor ſeemed ſcant,
To pleaſe ſight, ſent, or taſte.

The blooming borders freſh and faire,
Were clad with cloathes of colours rare,
Which faireſt *Flora* fram'd:
The Hyacinth, the ſelfe-lou'd lad,
*Adonis*, *Amaranthus* ſad,
there pleaſing places claim'd.
The Primroſe pride of pleaſing Prime,
with Roſes of each hew:

The Cowſlip, Pinke, and ſauory Thyme,
and Gilly-flower there grew.
The Marygold,
Which to behold
Her louer loaths the night,
Locking her leaues
Shee inward grieues,
When *Sol* is out of ſight.

Vpon the boughs and tops of trees,
Blyth birds did ſit as thicke as Bees
on blooming Beanes doe bait:
And euery Bird ſome louing noat
Did warble thorow the ſwelling throat
to wooe the wanton mate.
There might be heard the throbbing Thruſh,
the Bull-finch blyth her by;
The Blacke-bird in another buſh,
with thouſands more her nie.
The ditties all,
To great and ſmall,
Sweet *Philomel* did ſet,
In all the grounds
Of Muſicke ſounds,
Thoſe darlings did direct.

With pleasure which that place did bring,
Which seem'd to me perpetuall spring,
I was inforc'd to stay:
Leaning me lowly on the ground,
To heare the sweet cœlestiall sound
These *Syluanes* did bewray.
Rauish'd with liking of their songs,
I thought I vnderstood
The seuerall language to each longs,
That lodges in the wood.
Most *Philomel*
Did me compell
To listen to her song,
In sugred straines,
While she complaines
Of tyrant *Tereus* wrong.

Compos'd to sing her saddest dit,
Shee shrowded in a shade did sit,
vnder a budding bryar;
Whose thicknesse so debar'd the light,
It seem'd an artificiall night,
leaues link'd in loue so neare.
It seem'd she was asham'd to show
her selfe in publike place,

By

By ſight, leſt ſeers ſo might know
Her vndeſeru'd diſgrace.
Hid from the eie,
Shee thought none nie
Was for to pen her plaints;
Shee 'gins relate
Her aduerſe fate,
And thus her paſſion paints.

When Prince *Pandion* held that ſtate
Which was the mirthfull Muſes ſeat,
With learning beautifide;
Gouerning there with peacefull reſt,
Where no diſturbing ſtormes diſtreſt
Thoſe that did there reſide:
In prime of youth he tooke a Dame,
By nature kinde, decor'd
With beautie, vertue vow'd that frame
Should with her gifts be ſtor'd.
I know not which
Did ſeeme moſt rich,
By lauiſhneſſe in giuing;
Each gaue ſo much,
I thinke none ſuch
Was left amongſt the liuing.

With equall heat loue ſo combin'd
Their hearts, as they were ſtill inclin'd
to will and will the ſame:
Their mindes ſo mingled were together,
They had nought proper vnto either,
both fires one common flame.
Thus ſurfetting on loues delight,
where with a matching meaſure
The one the other doth requite
in equall pitch of pleaſure,
Their daies they ſpent
In ſweet content,
Deeming all others wretched,
Whoſe leſſer ioyes,
Mixt with annoyes,
To their full height not ſtretched.

To adde vnto their happineſſe,
And further to increaſe their bliſſe,
the heauenly powers conſpire,
Of which they (Ioy-drownd) did not dreame,
So perfect did their pleaſures ſeeme,
they could no more deſire.
Yet was their comfort ſo increaſt,
with of-ſprings happy ſtore,

As

As now they thinke they were not bleſt
With benefits before.
Thus is it knowne
That none doth owne
So much of earthly pleaſure,
But that the heart,
A little part,
May hold a greater meaſure.

We were by Muſes nine nurſt vp,
We drunke with Heliconian cup,
their number did increaſe,
The goodly gifts, the graces three
Gaue to vs, we did multiply
to number numberleſſe.
No ſyllable could from vs ſlide,
but in conſenting ſound,
Our lookes, and geſtures, who eſpide,
The graces in them found.
Each had ſuch feature,
And good ſtature,
As iuſt proportion grac'd,
With colours rare
To make vs faire,
By Natures penſill plac'd.

Thus did both heauen and earth conſpire
To fill our Fathers deare deſire,
with heaped happineſſe.
But when things heere are at the hight,
Vnlookt for lot doth often light,
and driues them to diſtreſſe.
As when the Moone hath fild her horne,
ſhee ſtraight begins to waine,
And when the flowing force is worne,
the tyde then turnes againe:
For heere no ſtate
Is free from fate,
With Time all turnes about:
Oft riſe the ſmall,
The great oft fall,
When they doe nothing doubt.

If pleaſures heere were permanent,
Free from diſturbing diſcontent,
not any wayes annoy'd,
Wee ſhould not reliſh our delights,
So dull ſhould be our appetites,
with ſenſleſſe ſurfet cloy'd.
Therefore that we may better taſte,
each ſweet hath many ſowres,

The brighteſt blinck is quickly paſt,
and baniſhed with ſhowres:
Alſo to ſhow
That we doe owe
To changing time, wee're toſt
When leaſt we feare,
It is moſt neere,
And our deſignes are croſt.

So with my father did it fare,
Whom megre death did vnaware
depriue of his belou'd
My mother; ſickneſſe ſo her ſeis'd,
As paine it ſelfe did ſeeme diſpleas'd,
and ſenſes all remou'd:
Shee ſeis'd with ceaſeleſſe ſleep, gaue firſt
*Pandion* cauſe of cares;
Which *Athens* woe ſoone after nurſt,
and bath'd in brinie teares.
Thus euer ſtill
Preceding ill
Is followed faſt with more:
Nere comes alone
One cauſe of moane,
Its company'd with ſtore.

Before her death-bred griefe was ſwag'd,
*Barbarians* were ſo inrag'd,
(Gaping for greedy gaine,
Incourag'd by his careleſneſſe,
Whom they deem'd drunken with exceſſe,
they doubt not to obtaine.)
As they wall'd round rich *Athens* wals,
with warriors about,
So fainting feare our force appal's,
it dares no where looke out,
Feare forc'd ſome ſound,
And did confound
In others reſolution,
All were deiected,
So vnexpected,
Was Fortunes reuolution.

In midſt of this our great diſtreſſe,
Which did our former feares increaſe,
Such troupes we did behold,
As with their brau'ry brau'd the skies,
And dazled the beholders eyes,
with beame-rebating gold,
In front with lofty plume in pride,
mounted on ſtately Steed,

The likelieſt of all did ride,
who ſeem'd the reſt to leade,
Curuetting oft,
Pranſing aloft,
His Courſer proud diſdaines
To be controld
By Bit of gold,
Scorning commanding raines.

But when he did approch more neare,
He baniſhed that former feare
conceiued by his ſight:
He forc'd our foes ſoone to retire,
Who to reſiſt had ſmall deſire,
they faintly fell in flight.
We muſed much what he ſhould be,
who with vnasked aid,
So ſuddenly did ſet vs free,
and all our foes diſmay'd;
All ran to ſee,
As he came nye,
And fixt on him their ſight,
And all thoſe eies
Which him eſpies,
Were taken with delight.

The ſtreetes as he did paſſe along,
With gold were garniſhed and hung,
all brauely beautifide;
The pauement pau'd with pleaſing flowres,
The ſpoiles of *Flora's* fragrant bowres,
where *Tereus* did ride:
Such was his name who vs reſtor'd,
of warlike *Thracia* King,
Whom in triumphant wiſe decor'd,
my father in did bring:
In manner meet
Each other greet,
And kindly entertaine:
T'his Palace faire,
To ſolace there,
He brings him and his traine.

There banqueting with dainties beſt,
To pleaſe the too too curious taſt,
which ſea or land doth yeeld,
With ſweet diſcourſes mixt among,
Where a delightfull pleaſing tongue
did roue in *Reth'rick* field.
When *Tereus* ſaw my ſiſter faire,
*Progne* he prie'd her ſuch,

As he beleeu'd no beauties were
beſide, ſhe had ſo much.
His heart deſires,
His eye admires
Her pleaſing forme and feature:
He thinkes all elſe
Shee farre excells
In goodly gifts of Nature.

When that his fancy on her face
Doth feed, there growes no other grace,
hee thinkes in other parts:
It ſeemes the curious Cabinet,
Where Nature had that treaſure ſet
that moſt bewitches hearts.
A rowling eye, whence thouſand flights
of gold-dipt-darts doe flye;
Whereof the leaſt with loue delights
could wound a deitie.
Th'alluring glances
Which by chances
From thoſe two ſunnes did dart,
Loue borow'd ſtill,
When he had will
To fire a froſty heart.

A forehead where in-thronizit
Graue maiesty in state did sit,
with humblenesse attyr'd;
Where meeknes made the meaner hope,
And maiestie cut short the scope
of Pride, that high aspir'd.
Soft wauing Seas of sable haire,
that hew was iudg'd by loue
The best, and aptest to insnare,
milde *Zephyrus* did moue.
In carelesse curles,
He oft it hurles,
He wantonnesse bewrayes:
He oft it flung
Her backe along,
And beautie best displaies.

A cheeke where purest white, with red
Of deepest dye, was ouer-spred,
and meeting so were mixt,
As neither red nor white they seeme,
But both in one made beauties beame,
these colours two betwixt.
Her ruby lips when they doe kisse,
couer prime pearly rowes;

When

When they that kinde coniunction miſſe,
*Arabian* ſweet out-flowes:
One ſure would thinke,
As ſhee did drinke,
That bloud light *Bacchus* fils,
That it did paſſe,
As through a glaſſe,
Gray Claret wine diſtils.

What ſhame permits not to eſpie,
He with Imaginations eie
Doth ſee, and values moſt:
He viewes it o're, and o're againe,
Seekes for a fault, but all in vaine,
His labour there was loſt.
Its ſeldome ſeene but ſome defect,
By prudent Nature's plac'd,
To make the beſt be more reſpect,
With glory more be grac'd;
Yet no where here
There doth appeare
Leaſt foile, all was ſo faire,
As fir'd him ſo,
He did not know,
To hope, or to deſpaire.

Thus was he firſt enamoured,
And ſtill his louing fancie fed,
While on her face he gaz'd,
His prying preſt a beautie-bluſh,
In crimſon coat, her face to bluſh,
In *Cupids* fire it blaz'd.
Thus forc'd with fainting feuers fit,
His quaking heart did tremble,
*Where loue's deepe grounded, there's no wit*
*Can his ſure ſignes diſſemble.*
He cooles and burnes,
Heart inward mournes,
He hopes, he oft doth feare;
Shee may conſent,
May not relent,
May yeeld, may chance not heare.

My father (as Phyſitian good)
By ſignes his ſickneſſe vnderſtood,
(Hauing like paſſion prou'd)
He knew the ſalue could ſooneſt ſlacke
His ſickneſſe, and his paine beat backe,
Was *Progne*, his belou'd.
By matching him and her, he thinkes
Such friendſhip to indeare,

As bound by wedlocks holy linkes,
He needes no foe to feare.
*Thus policie,*
*Long time we ſee,*
*Hath euer had two ends,*
*One is a traine,*
*But ſtill the maine*
*To priuate profit tends.*

He giues theſe louers leaue together,
*Tereus* ſpeakes not alone left with her,
But in his heart doth pray
That ſhe had boldneſſe to begin,
In ſuch a muſe his minde was in,
He knew not what to ſay:
Still rumbling is the little Ryll,
Deepe Riuers ſilent moue;
That deepeſt paſſion is moſt ſtill,
Experience doth proue.
He much doth feare
Shee will not heare,
If he good will ſhould proffer,
His often dread,
Not to come ſpeed,
Driues him he dares not offer.

Shee muſes thus to ſee him mute,
Shee feares hee follow not his ſute,
(Which ſhe deemes her vndoing.)
When he reſolued had to ſpeake,
What he ſhould ſay, he had to ſeeke,
(He was not wiſe in wooing.)
*When plainly we our paſſion tell,*
*It maketh much in mouing,*
*A ſimple innocence ſo well,*
*Bewrayes a heart much loning:*
*For euer thoſe*
*Who (apt to gloſe).*
*Too ſpeedy are in ſpeech,*
*Loue doe not ſhow,*
*But make Maids know,*
*They kindly can beſeech.*

His ſpeeches had more pleaſing ſound,
With Rhetorick did more abound,
Vnto my ſiſters ſenſe,
Then theirs who by their skilfull Art,
With Sophiſtrie can truth peruert,
To cleare a foule offence.
Shee willingly doth heare him wooe,
Shee's pleas'd to heare him plead,

Shee

Shee could at firſt encounter, bow,
But doubts doe make her dread
Leſt quickly woon,
He ſhould haue done,
His fancie ſhould take flight:
*Oft ſoone obtain'd,*
*Are ſoone diſdain'd:*
*Such loue is counted light.*

Thus on ſhee drawes him with delay,
Shee neither grants, nor giues a nay,
(For feare he flee the field;)
Her yeelding bluſh doth make him bold,
To re-inforce, and to vnfold
All meanes to make her yeeld;
He vowes, proteſts, and deeply ſweares,
His loue to her ſhall neuer
Languiſh, with length of lingring yeares,
Nor faith faile he doth giue her.
I grant, ſhee ſaid,
No more he ſtaid,
But at her word did take her,
With purple red,
All ouer-ſpred,
Sweet Virgin ſhame did make her.

My father knowing th'had decreed
To wed, and were thereon agreed,
He left his pawſing paine:
For he had muſed in his minde,
To make her heart thereto inclinde,
And beat his buſie braine.
Now all doe haſte with like deſire,
To ſolemnize thoſe rites,
Which holy *Hymen* doth require,
'fore lawfull loue-delights.
They make ſuch haſte,
The time they chac't,
Which little lift makes long,
The ſmalleſt ſtay
That doth delay
Inioying 's iudg'd a wrong.

The longed day is come ſhould crowne
Their wiſh'd deſires, ſweet Dorick ſoune
Doth deafe the itching eare,
Shrill eccho in the rocks did ring,
Repeating what the ſiſters ſing
In Prince *Apollo's* quier;
Kind Natures Quiriſters increaſt,
Mounting in cryſtall skies,

The

The gods inuite vnto this feaſt,
Which angry-heauen denies.
They did enuie
Felicitie
Should ſuch on earth, be ſeene:
To Tragicke end
Theſe ioyes ſhould tend,
The grieued gods doe meane.

The furies brands aloft did beare
For *Hymenean* candles cleare,
Which lent a diſmall light:
The Rauen and the night-Crow cry,
The ominous Owle abroad doth fly
By day, and not by night.
*Iuno* that bleſſeth firſt the bed
Of happy wedded louers,
Came not, in ſaffron colours clad,
*Hymen* affrighted, houers,
Not daring there
Make his repaire,
(With preſage dire diſmai'd.)
The Muſes dread,
The Graces fled,
They were no leſſe afraid.

Yet did they dally in delights,
And reuell at vnhallowed rites,
Till time, (which nought can ſtay)
Told *Tereus* his loue-delaies,
His home-left-*Thracian* diſmaies,
Their comfort gan decay.
They feare his ſafety, he farewell
Muſt bid, *Progne* doth plaine:
A pearly ſhowre of liquid haile
Out o're her cheekes did raine.
*A tender heart,*
*Such bitter ſmart,*
*With ſorrow doth ſuppreſſe,*
*When bitter cup*
*Doth interrup*
*New taſted happineſſe.*

Yet bootes it not, ſhe muſt be gone,
*Tereus* her traines (though weeping) on,
And we alike lament:
Our ſorrow ſo diuided was,
Halfe with vs ſtaid, and halfe did paſſe,
Whither that Couple went.
They ſhipp'd, a luſty gale of winde
So proſp'rouſly did blow,

The ſailes ſuffice fild from behinde,
There needeth none to row:
They ſoone came nie,
Where they would be,
And doe perceiue the land;
They ſee the ſhore
All peopled o're
With thoſe he did command.

For Fame the Ayrie winged Poſt,
(By going greater) fils the coſt
Of Thrace, with comming-cries;
Her trumpet ſounds his ſafe returne,
The ſhores with blazing-beacons burn,
Where cries confus'dly riſe,
Which vntir'd Eccho in the hils,
(With her redoubling voice)
So multiplies, the aire it fils;
The gods ſeeme to reioyce:
The multitude
Confus'dly ſtood
Vpon the ſheluie ſhore,
He happieſt ſeemes
Next *Neptunes* ſtreames,
Can draw, though drowne therefore.

The ſmaller (yet the ſager) ſort,
Doe minde a more Maieſtick ſport,
Rough rudeneſſe they diſdaine;
Moſt ſtately triumphs they deuiſe,
After the victors gorgious guiſe,
*Tereus* to entertaine.
Altars with Incence ſweetly ſmoke,
Prieſts *Io-Paan* ſing:
The tottering ſteeples reele and rocke,
(So rowling bells doe ring.)
This day ſo glad,
To thoſe they adde
Which ſacred they obſeru'd,
From yearely mirth
For *Itys* birth,
His firſt-borne they nere ſweru'd.

WHat time *Tytan* our height had ſcal'd,
Summer had ſweat, winter had hail'd,
Autumne had fild her lap,
Fiue times the Spring in fragrant flowres
Was deck'd, warme gliding funnie ſhowres
The ſoaking earth did ſap.
When pleaſing *Progne's* longing loue
For *Philomela's* ſight

Grew

Grew wake-rife, and ſuch thoughtes did moue,
*As leſſens large delight,*
*When we depart*
*From what our hart*
*With liking once hath lou'd,*
*Abſence intires,*
*And more indeares,*
The more it is remou'd.

This abſence kindling longing-loue,
Makes *Progne* all her practiques proue,
Deferres not her deſire.
*Woman (who would) delay diſdaines,*
*Who doth denie, and who detaines*
*With hope, hath equall hire.*
Fearing refuſall, ſhe puts on
A looke that moſt allures,
And drawes the eie, nor that alone,
Her of her ſuit aſſures.
Such weightie words
Her wit affords,
As for to moue were meet,
With louing charmes
Him in her armes
Kiſſing, doth thus intreat.

Deare

Dearer to me then ſweet repoſe
To Miſers, ſeiz'd with ceaſeleſſe woes,
Who nere of comfort taſted;
More pleaſing to me then is light
Vnto the ſillie ſleepleſſe wight,
Whom waking nights haue waſted,
Who preſent puſt thoſe feares to flight,
Which abſent make me die:
*As* Titan *makes the vgly night,*
*With forcing flames to flie*;
Me thinkes farre more
I now adore,
Loue more, if ſuch deſire
Could be increaſt,
Which when at leaſt,
Was ſuch could ſoare no higher.

*Great loue in length doth often dull*;
Mine, (though ſo maine) is not at full,
It daily doth increaſe:
No intermiſſion makes it ſtay,
No ſurfet takes its edge away,
It growes, but neuer leſſe:
Which by effects may be perceau'd,
For ſince I firſt was fir'd,

No other happineſſe I crau'd,
That doe as you deſir'd:
My chiefeſt grace,
I there did place,
Held that my high'ſt content,
Gladdeſt did paſſe
The time that was
In louing ſeruice ſpent.

Doſt think I doubt (the Prince replies,)
Meane-while looks babies in her eies,
And dallies with delight;
Kinde kiſſes on her faireſt face,
With ſoft impreſſions he doth place,
Her lips haue no reſpite;
Her prettie parlie ſo doth pleaſe,
Her lips ſo ſweetly taſte:
He doubts, which rather he had leeſe,
Both are to be imbrac'd.
He bids her ſay,
Yet ſtill doth ſtay
With kiſſing her diſcourſe,
Whilſt from her lips
He Nectar ſips,
As from celeſtiall ſourſe.

Speake loue (he ſaid) then ſhe proceeds,
If fauour ſo affect my deeds,
As deeme them of deſert,
I'le boldly beg, but ſuch a ſuit,
As kindneſſe cannot ſo confute,
But I ſhall eaſe my heart,
Since fate from faireſt *Philomel*
(With that ſhe deeply ſigh'd)
And deſtinies haue doom'd me dwell,
To make the loſſe more light,
Suffer me ſweet
(If you thinke meet)
I may my ſelfe goe ſee,
Or elſe deuiſe,
Some other wiſe,
That ſhe may come to me.

The goodlieſt gift that thou canſt giue,
I for this grant with liking leaue,
It ſeemes to me the beſt:
Promiſe *Pandion* ſwift returne,
Whoſe aged eies will ouer-runne,
At this vnlook'd requeſt.
Thus hauing ſaid with kinde imbrace,
Him in her armes ſhe clings,

With

With ſoaking teares bedewes his face,
Forc'd from her ſunnie ſprings:
She doth attend,
How he will end,
To doe, or to denie:
With ſpeaking ſignes,
She him intwines,
Who makes her this replie:

What is this all? ſweet, ſue for more,
Thou ſeem'ſt a niggard of my ſtore,
Out of my kingdome cull:
And eke vnto thy late requeſt
Seeke more, ſo more I ſhall be bleſt,
By being bountifull.
She only this: He more would adde,
If he knew fit propine:
It ſeemes ſo ſlender he is ſad,
None dearer can diuine.
Thus they doe proue,
Which moſt ſhould loue,
That only was their ſtrife,
Which breeds no warres,
Nor iealous jarres,
Twixt happie man and wife.

Then did he haſte him to the Sea,
That ſhe might wit how willingly
Hee granted her deſire.
I leaue the pitious plaints to tell,
That paſſion powr'd at this farewell;
*Progne* did nie expire.
Nor was this forc'd affection, fain'd
To moue a more beleefe
Of ſincere loue, the teares that rain'd,
Sprung from an inward griefe:
Let *Arioſt*
His foule-mouth'd hoſt
Of *Iocund's* parting prate:
Whoſe wife did ſwound,
But of that wound
A Groome the griefe did bate.

This was not ſuch, but as the ſhow,
Such was the ſubſtance of the woe,
Which thus their ſoules poſſeſt.
For ſhe like lonely Doue doth languiſh;
Hee goes with griefe where bitter anguiſh
Bides in his boiling breſt.
At laſt *Pireus* Port he ſpies:
The Sailers raiſe a ſong,

The Countrie wakened with their cries,
Vnto the ſhore doe throng:
They feed their ſight
With ſweet delight
Of this vnlook'd for gueſt;
They thruſt him ſo,
Hee ſcarce can goe,
Rude people ſo him preſt.

*Pandion's* ſtate the ſtreet refraines,
Yet at the gate him entertaines,
And louingly imbrac'd.
The right hand friendſhips firmeſt pledge,
They mutually for loue ingage,
(Yet no good ſignes it grac'd:)
Without inquirie he doth tell
The cauſe why he doth come,
Is for his ſiſter *Philomel*,
(Freſh beauties budding bloome:)
The preſage bad,
His ſpeech then had,
My future ill diuin'd:
It lowring brake,
That day of wracke,
Which diſmall deadly ſhin'd.

The glad congratulation paſt,
Hee goes on with his *Heart's* beheſt,
Which had him thither brought.
Hee tels how pleaſing *Progne* pines,
Her mirth with melancholy dwines,
In ſolitarie thought.
Hee tels how for her *Philomel*,
*Progne* did penſiue long:
All her diſcourſe on her doth dwell,
Shee wholly hath her tong.
He doth requeſt,
With ſpeeches beſt,
And apteſt to perſwade:
As yet the end
To nought did tend,
But his loues-life to glade.

Straight he doth after me inquire,
Who him to ſee had like deſire,
I to his preſence ruſh'd.
He at my ſight amazed grew,
He ſtaid aſtoniſh'd at my view,
(My face ſuch faireneſſe fluſh'd)
Our ſalutations had no touch
Of complementing ſtraines:

*Light loue is lauiſh where it's much,*
*From flatterie it refraines:*
He kiſt, imbrac't,
About my waſte
His winding armes he wrung:
I did him meet
With loue as great,
And to his body clung.

My goodly garment all of gold,
His griping made his eies behold,
And note more narrowly:
For though my robe it ſelfe were rich,
Muſing *Minerua's* ſtately ſtitch;
It more did beautifie.
Shee had made it the maſter-peece
Of all her ſtudious ſtore.
Art, Art it ſelfe to paſſe did preſſe,
Her cunning to decore.
Reuiewing ſtill,
Deeming all ill
(Though well) if skill could better,
So iealouſie
The ſlieſt ſpie,
To needleſſe worke did ſet her.

There was *Apollo* in a chaire
Of burniſh'd gold, his flame-like haire
Againſt that brightneſſe beam'd,
An Iuorie Harpe with ſiluer ſtrings,
With trembling touch which lightly rings,
Did ſound or ſounding ſeem'd.
With leauie-Lawrell he was crownd,
And Canopied o're head,
Wherein chaſte *Daphne* lately wound,
Did quiuer yet for dread.
The ſlender ſlim,
Which hid each lim,
So offerd to the eie;
And was ſo wrought,
You would haue thought
It to be Maid and tree.

Her leauie toppe (late haire) did ſhade
The Welkin, part it twy-light made,
And part a mirthfull morne,
For lower was an azur'd skie,
Where Eaſterne beames did beautifie
Halfe, halfe the ſtarres adorne.
Among the ſlender boughs ſome birds
Their liſtning eares incline,

Others

Others houer about in heards,
To heare theſe Dits diuines
Som's ſwelling breſt
The ioy expreſt,
To heare how they did earne:
Som's opening bill
Bewrai'd the Will
Theſe wantons had to learne.

A little lower from this ſtate,
Where Prince *Apollo* proudly ſate,
With brightneſſe ouerblowne:
The merrie Muſes rang'd in rankes,
Were ſeated on the ſunnie bankes,
With ſauourie ſweets ore-growne:
While one doth tune her Lute, or voice,
One notes, one time doth meaſure.
A ſilent ſound, an vnheard noiſe
Doth take the ſight with pleaſure:
Some garments graue,
Others did haue
Some light, ſome long, ſome ſhort,
Some Chaplets wore,
And ſome forbore,
Some mus'd, and ſome made ſport.

Neerer the border one might ſee
*Orpheus* and *Euridice*,
Returning from the dead:
He plaid, and with ſwift pace did haſte,
Longing till ſhe our aire ſhould taſte,
Whom he to light did lead:
But whether a deſire of ſight,
Or feare ſhe did not follow,
Made him looke backe, his deare delight
The opening earth did ſwallow:
Hee quickly ſnatch'd,
And would haue catch'd,
But when it prou'd in vaine,
Her looke did ſhrieke,
And in his cheeke,
Pale griefe was pictur'd plaine.

A ſea circled the loweſt ſeame,
With welling waues, and of that ſtreame
The people paſtime take:
Fearefull on fiſh *Arion* ſits,
Hee ſeeming ſeiz'd with quaking fits,
Did mournfull muſicke make.
The *Dolphins* dance now vp, now down,
And as much pleaſure haue,

As he hath paine, for feare to drowne,
He ſings his life to ſaue,
His hands ſcarce hold
(With feare and cold
Benumb'd) his Inſtrument:
The ſwelling waue
The motion gaue,
The ſauing ſound that lent.

This gorgeous garment large and wide,
Before was with a button ti'de,
And careleſſe hung about:
My fore-part was of pureſt Lawne,
Wheron the faireſt flowres were drawne,
That Nature ere brought out:
Their roots a ſeeming-earth did hide,
Clad in a graſſie greene;
The ſtalke ſtood out, as if beſide
The ground a growing ſien:
Some thought a ſent
Out from them went;
(So wrought they on conceat,)
One maketh faith,
He taſted hath
Some leafe that fell of late.

Thus was I cloth'd. My breſt was bare,
Neuer till then was white ſo faire,
Which made the world profane,
And dare the mighty gods vpbraid,
That they ſuch pureneſſe neuer made,
Nor could to ſuch attaine.
Whereat the gods incenſed grew,
And did together 'gree,
Euen with a curſe their skill to ſhew,
Blaming worlds-blaſphemie.
No yeare doth faile,
But ſnow or haile
Since candies o're the earth,
Whoſe ioy doth vaniſh,
For it doth baniſh
The beautie of its birth.

Yet he had not well view'd my face,
Which beautie-bringing-years did grace
With raies of moſt reſpect:
The buds he left ſo faire had flouriſh'd,
So kindly Nature had them nouriſh'd,
As he did not expect.
The Infant-luſtre lightly laid,
Was curiouſly ore-run,

And

And carefull Nature perfit made
Her beautie-board begun:
Each lineament
Shee did acquaint
With a proportion due,
And euery lim,
Faſhion'd ſo trim,
Was hid in heauenly hue.

The fauour of my face was ſuch,
That beautie elſe though nere ſo much,
(If that I came in place)
Was but a foile to make mine fairer,
That fairenetſe made mine ſeeme the rarer,
That glory gaue mine grace.
As former eie-contenting flowres
Loſe luſtre by the Roſe,
As *Phœbe's* glore eclipſed lowres,
When *Sol* his ſight out throwes:
Euen ſo did mine
Others out ſhine,
Though faire in their degree;
The lookes they loſt,
Which made them boaſt,
If paraleld with me.

And

Some

Some would ſay *Venus*, when at rareſt,
And fancied moſt for to be faireſt,
(With *Adon* hot in loue)
Look'd like me, but that I more chaſte,
Look'd conſtant, ſhe did care to caſt
Such lookes as luſt could moue.
Others would ſay ſuch *Dian's* looke
(But more to wrath inclinde)
When hapleſſe (bathing in a brooke)
*Acteon* did her finde.
Of goddeſſes
They did expreſſe
The goodly gifts by mine,
Not mine by theirs,
Their doome declares
They deem'd me more diuine.

Theſe, theſe the tyrant ſo admir'd,
As with their ſight his heart was fir'd
With more then lawfull loue:
He now thinks *Progne's* parts were poore:
He wonders how they could allure,
Or his affection moue.
He wiſhes now he were vnwed,
So I would heare him wooe.

He

He ſighes, he with my ſiſter ſped,
Or had with her to doe:
As parched hay,
Whereto we lay
Quicke fire, takes ſudden flame,
So burn'd his heart
With euery dart
That light-like from me came.

Hee's ſo inrag'd, he would not ſpare
To tempt my fellowes faithfull care,
(If that could doe the deed)
My Nurſes faith, nay e'en my ſelfe
Hee would ſeduce with precious pelfe,
If ſo he could come ſpeed;
He cares not for the Kingdomes broiſe
To take me thence perforce,
And to maintaine his rauiſh'd ſpoile
By ſlaughter'd-ſoules diuorce:
His reinleſſe loue
So much doth moue,
What is it but he dares?
Nor can his breſt
Thoſe flames inueſt,
Which prouocate his cares.

Nor can he now delay indure,
He thinkes with cunning to procure,
Doth *Progne's* ſute renew;
He makes it cloake his damn'd deſire,
When more then right he did require,
So *Progne* did perſue,
He would affirme, his tongue did gloſe,
*(Louers are eloquent)*
E'en mouing teares his cheeks orefloweſ,
(As if thoſe *Progne* ſent)
How humane mindes,
Oft error blindes,
Hee's thought to be ſincere,
His wickednesſe
We kindneſſe gueſſe,
Which doth him more indeare.

Behold I for the ſame doe ſue,
About my fathers necke I threw
My armes, and him imbrace,
I Maiden kiſſes intermixt,
He notes them, for his eye is fixt
Still on my firing-face:
Each kiſſe he (couetous) did craue,
He wiſht he were my ſire,

I to him ſought, each geſture gaue
Food to his fond deſire.
My ſire at laſt,
By our requeſt,
Againſt his will is won:
Hauing obtain'd,
I good had gain'd
Did deeme, but was vndone.

Now *Phebus* ſteeds ſo ſwift had runne,
His daily courſe was almoſt done,
The hight they paſſed haue,
And now the ſteepy ſky they beat
With angry hoofes, to coole their heat,
Haſting in Weſterne waue.
On table kingly cates were plac'd
For to content the taſte,
Blithe *Bacchus* golden goblets grac'd.
After this rich repaſt,
To quiet reſt
Each him addreſt,
But *Tereus* tiring-care
Lets ſilken ſleepe
On him to creepe,
His woes ſo wake-rife are.

The true Idea of each part
He ſaw, was ſeated in his heart:
What was hid from the ſight,
He faines it ſuch as he would haue it,
And better then ſight could conceiue it,
More delicate delight;
He thinkes he ſees face, feature, gate,
And doth ſuruey each lim,
So apprehenſiue quicke conceat
Did repreſent to him.
The night was worne,
A weeping morne
Vſherd the doleſull day,
When haſtning fate,
Full of deceit,
Permits no longer ſtay.

*Pandion* then with guſhing eyes,
Where gorged griefe a bathing lies,
Me to him thus betakes:
This Iewell (deareſt ſonne) this pearle
My laſt, moſt lou'd, my deareſt girle,
(His hand then ſhiuering ſhakes)
I giue thee, and thy faith coniure
By all the gods aboue,

To

To guard, her ſafety to aſſure
With a paternall loue:
Let knowen bed
Which you haue had,
In firmneſſe keepe your faith,
And beare in minde
What *Progne* kinde
With me committed hath.

And darling, now my ſweeteſt ſtay,
My ages hope, that from decay
Deraines theſe turning haires,
Whoſe preſence doth me primely nouriſh,
Whoſe ſight yet makes this face to flouriſh,
And curbes my comming cares:
Sweet *Philomel*, I thee beſeech
Thou wouldſt with ſpeed returne:
While thou art abſent, I muſt teach
Theſe moiſtned eies to mourne.
Though loth to want,
Three Months I grant,
(So long to ſtay you haue)
One day behinde
That time aſſign'd,
Will bring me to my graue.

To Thus

Thus ſpeaks he with teare-dropping eies,
Drowned in his braine-breeding ſeas,
Which doth his ſorrow tell.
I ſeeme to goe, and oft turne backe,
And ſlender ſlips excuſes make
To take a freſh farewell.
Such was kinde *Ouid's* lingring leaue
Departing from his wife,
And ſo did *Cleopatra* grieue,
Pittie produc'd like ſtrife,
*Cæſario* goe,
O doe not, no,
Flye from *Auguſtus* ſnare;
Nay ſtay a while,
Fortune may ſmile,
Yet goe, it's beſt beware.

So far'd it here, ſo we intreat,
Kiſs'd, amongſt kiſſes ſtill we wet
Our cheekes with mixed teares:
To firme our faith he takes our hands,
Ioynes them, and mute amazed ſtands,
Full fraught with future feares.
At laſt, *Ione* witneſſe this (he ſaies)
And puniſh thoſe offend,

And

And daughter doe not vſe delaies,
To *Progne* me commend:
Scarce ſpeakes he more,
He faints ſo ſore,
As if his ſpirits were paſt,
Yet bids farewell,
Which ſeemes to tell,
(With ſtaying) 'twas the laſt.

The night which did this day precede,
Did wrap it ſelfe in mourning weede
Of ſaddeſt ſable hew,
Such pitchie clouds were interpos'd,
*Phebe* was hid, ſmall ſtarres were los'd,
Their ſplendor none did view.
At day *Aurora's* eies ſo wept
As drunke each hill and dale,
As if for *Memnon* now ſhe kept
The ſad freſh funerall,
Her eies did ſoake
The parched cloake
Which *Tellus* then had on,
The graſſe out ſprung
From clay was clung,
At fall of *Phaeton.*

Thus parted, we vnto the ſea,
Our canuas wings we doe diſplay
Againſt the growing gale,
Which their reſiſtance takes in ſcorne,
Whereby the bulke is forward borne
By proudly ſwelling ſaile.
Though watry hils were interpos'd,
Yet followed he with ſight,
Till his dim dazled eies were clos'd,
'Fore their time bringing night:
Returning then
He doth complaine
His late receiued loſſe,
Vs mounting waues,
And falling graues,
With ſtubborne billowes toſſe.

Now *Tereus* can no more containe
His (yet hid) ioy, it is ſo maine,
Which vanting voice doth vent.
The day is ours, the prize is won,
My loue whoſe light obſcures the Sun,
Whoſe beames breed more content,
Goes with me: hath her ſorrowing ſire
(Who did her ſo much tender)

Twin'd

Twin'd with her? or drunke with deſire,
Doe I dreame he doth ſend her?
Rowſe, rowſe you ſpirits,
Conceited ſweets
Of a fantaſtique loue
No power haue
So to bereaue,
Nor can ſuch pleaſure moue.

Thus ſaies he; nor doth turne aſide
His eies from me, which ſtill doe bide
Beholding with delight:
As Adamant the Iron drawes
By Natures cloſe compelling lawes,
So did I draw his ſight:
Looke as the Eagle ſharpe doth prie
Vpon his panting prey,
Which in his cruell clawes doth lie
Hopeleſſe to ſcape away:
So hé beheld,
So I compeld
Was for to wait his will,
Whom yet in minde
I counted kinde,
Not conſcious of ill.

Our fleeing ſailes had made ſuch haſte,
That now the tedious trauel's paſt,
The toiling ſea brings forth:
We touch vpon the tyrants coaſt,
Where hapleſſe I alaſſe was loſt,
And left of little worth.
To ſhore the tired troopes doe hie,
Refreſhment there to finde:
The anchor'd-bulke lies at a bay,
With ſaile ſtrooke from the winde.
All doe reioyce,
With cheerefull voice,
Their geſture ſhewes they're glad,
They thinke them bleſt,
That with ſuch haſte
They happie voyage made.

A winter-waſted aged wood
Neere to the landing place there ſtood,
Spoiled (with length of yeares)
Of beautie, no buds it had borne
For many ſprings, the wet had worne
The trunke with tempeſt-teares:
The barkleſſe boughs ſpreading abroad,
Vnto the graſſie ground

Yeelded

Yeelded no ſhade, with leauie load
The branches were not crownd,
Whereby the heat,
So ſore did beat,
From *Phœbus* firie face:
*Flora* for feare,
Durſt not draw neere
To beautifie that place.

The winding-Iuie with ſoft moſſe,
The bodies bound, and did imboſſe
The rent and ragged rinde,
They wrap with warmneſſe to reſtore
Decaied age, and to decore
Times ruines, 'bout them winde:
It ſeem'd ſad deſolations ſeat
Farre ſeuerd from reſort,
Where nought did grow was good of late
For profit or for ſport.
No harmonie,
From tree or skie
The birds made, all was ſad:
The bad aſpect,
Shew'd the neglect
That nature thereof had.

Obſcure buſhes of fur and ferne,
Confus'dly mixt, where robbers learne
For to intrap the prey,
Were rudely ranged here and there,
Woven with briar and bramble bare,
Which cloſe together lay;
A place moſt fit for ſuch a fact,
For ſuch a damn'd deſpight,
Where miſchiefe meant his part to act,
And hide it from the ſight.
*The moſt obdur'd,*
*Would be obſcur'd,*
*When they commit a crime:*
*Sin is ſo ſham'd,*
*Leſt it be blam'd,*
*It ſeekes out place and time.*

Thither he hales me, I did quake,
My heart did faint, my limbs did ſhake,
I doubted and grew pale:
I for my ſiſter ask'd with teares,
Not daring to confeſſe my feares;
Yet that did not auaile:
He did confeſſe his foule intent,
Me to the ground he flung,

His

His late-lou'd-haire he rudely rent,
And careleſſe from me wrung,
I cal'd amaine,
But all in vaine,
On ſiſter and on ſire,
On gods aboue,
But could not moue
Them mitigate his ire.

He forc'd me, O how I did tremble!
Griefe ſeem'd to kill, but did diſſemble,
And would not proue ſo kinde:
O had I then giuen vp the ghoſt,
Before my virgin gem was loſt,
As ſpotleſſe as my minde;
Then had my body without ſtaine,
In ſweet Elizian ſhade,
With the vntainted virgin-traine,
A merrie manſion had,
Where now alas,
It hath no place,
Free from tormenting thought
Of that fore'd ill,
Which 'gainſt my will
On wofull me was wrought.

The harmleſſe vnſuſpecting Lambe,
Torne from the teats of fearfull dam,
By hungrie-Wolues ſurpriſe;
Perſu'd by maſtring-Maſtiffe faſt,
The robber leaues his prey for haſt,
Which much amazed lies
Still doubting if it be redeem'd
From ſuch a deepe diſtreſſe,
So fainting I confounded ſeem'd,
My feare was nothing leſſe:
Fraught with deſpaire,
I did not care
What miſchiefe might betide;
As in a trance,
Forſooke of ſenſe,
I for a time did bide.

VVhen to my ſelfe I did returne,
My hart did heaue, my cheeks did burne,
My breſt I boldly beat;
Rap'd with reuenge I did not ſpare,
As cauſe (though guiltleſſe) face & haire,
So louely look'd of late,
From eie no teare, from tongue no words
My paſſion did permit.

*The greeſe that ſuch releeſe affords,*
*Is ſoone freed from his ſit:*
With ſighes and ſobs,
And thrilling throbs,
My body did rebound.
Mine eie him blam'd,
Then ſtraight aſham'd,
It ſtares vpon the ground.

But when as greater griefe gaue place,
Swift trickling teares did other trace,
My glowing cheekes bedew'd:
Obortiue words for birth-right long'd,
Each preſſing firſt, his fellow throng'd,
And haſtily perſu'd.
As reſpite gaue me further leaue,
I rat'd him in my rage,
Thinking I gaind if he did grieue,
My ſorrow to aſſwage.
*So raging ſpight*
*Doth take delight,*
*(Though thereby not releen'd)*
*To vex the heart*
*Procur'd its ſmart,*
*And glories to ſee it greiu'd.*

O periur'd, curſed, cruell wretch,
To ſuch a wickednesse to ſtretch,
Reſpectlesse of the gods:
Thou blinded canst them not eſpie,
Yet doubtlesse they doe draw thee nie,
With new reuenging rods.
Could not *Pandions* praiers moue
Thee keepe thy promiſe paſt,
Nor *Progues* charge? muſt mariage proue
Thee baſe, which ſhould make bleſt?
A maid to ſtaine,
A bed profane
With an inceſtuous luſt,
Me to deflore,
My ſiſters whore,
What can be more vniuſt!

If there be gods, they'le be reueng'd;
If not, euen I (as farre eſtrang'd
From ſhame, as thou from graee)
This hainous action ſhall proclame,
Notorious ſhall be thy name,
Hatefull in euery place.
If here detain'd, with mirthleſſe mones
The mountaines I'le acquaint:

My cries ſhall cauſe the trees and ſtones
To pittie my complaint:
To heauen I vow
I ſhall ſtriue how
To taint him me betraid;
The world ſhall know
I was not ſlow
To wrecke a wronged maid.

Theſe words the monſter ſo commou'd,
He hates her now he lately lou'd,
For ſinne hath this farewell;
It reliſh'd, ſtraight a loathing breeds,
A minutes pleaſure paine ſucceeds
That laſtingly doth dwell.
Though conſcience he cannot calme,
Which reſtleſſe now is rent;
Whoſe ſore to ſalue he knowes no balme,
Yet ſeekes he to preuent,
Leſt I to Fame
Should blaze his ſhame,
He mindes with more miſchiefe
Still to goe on,
Regardleſſe growne,
So name may finde releefe.

Thus

Thus arm'd with hate my hands he bound
Behinde my backe, my haire he wound
About a ſtubborne tree,
He drew his ſword, I hoped death,
Deteſting a diſtained breath,
My ſoule I ſought to free:
Yet he proues not ſo pittifull,
but to be out of doubt
That I ſhould blab, his pincers pull
My tongue with torment out:
Thus ioy-bereft,
No comfort left,
He loos'd and left alone
To Tigers wilde,
Than he more milde,
With wordleſſe-ſpeech to moane.

Then to my ſiſter he returnes,
She asks for me, therewith he mournes,
Sighes, ſorrow futes his face.
He faines my Funerall, which drew
The teares, which made his tale ſeeme true,
None doubting my diſgrace.
*Progne* her precious garments gay,
That daintily did decke

Her

Her ioyfull, now ſhe laies away,
And d'ons the mournfull blacke:
A ſable vaile
To ground did traile,
A Tombe for me did make,
There incenſe burnes,
And for me mournes,
That needed no ſuch wake.

His flaming charriot 'bout the world,
Poſting through ſignes the Sun had hurld,
And yearely courſe diſpatch'd
While there I ſtaid. No hope of flight,
My carefull keeper day and night
So warily me watch'd;
I dumbe could not the cauſe delate
Of this my ſtrict reſtraint;
*But ſubtile wit on woe doth wait,*
*Cunning's to catifes lent:*
I caſt about
How to bring out
His lewdneſſe to the light;
Which while I minde,
Occaſion kinde
Doth offer to the ſight.

The bliſſefſe briers the coat had torne
The fleecie flocke had lately worne,
And ſtill retain'd that ſpoile:
Of partie coloured wooll there was
Store ſticking on the ſtalkes, on graſſe
Some lay, ſome on the ſoile:
A web I wrought of colour white,
Letters with bloud diſtaind
I inter-weau'd, which his deſpight
And my cares cauſe containd.
Thus brought to end,
By ſignes I ſend
Vnto my ſiſter Queene;
Nor did he know
To her did goe,
What theſe mixt markes did meane.

This pettie preſent ſhe ore-viewes,
And narrowly doth note the hues,
As ſhe doth it vnfold.
Theſe carefull characters expreſs'd,
How dolefull I was ſo diſtreſs'd,
She bluſh'd for to behold,
O're her proud cheeke no teare diſtill'd,
No bitter word brake our,

With

With vengeance and with hate ſhe fild,
Like furie flies about:
She meditates
To moue the Fates
To further her intent:
To take reuenge
By meanes moſt ſtrange,
Her minde is fully bent.

The helliſh hags, hatchers of ill,
That can ſeduce a doubtfull will,
Finding her thus inclind,
Reioyc'd, and with the Furies ioynd
To mould a miſchiefe yet vncoin'd,
So to content her minde.
The crime (admitting no excuſe)
Theſe Impes doe aggrauate,
They malice in the minde infuſe
That is at height of hate;
Thus doe theſe elues
Buſie themſelues
To baniſh from the minde
Pittie that pleads
For the miſdeeds
Of a deare friend vnkinde.

Thouſand Ideas in her braine
They ſtampe of diſtinct ſorts of paine,
To puniſh each doth preſſe,
She's loth the leaſt of them ſhould periſh,
Pittileſſe-paſſion doth them cheriſh,
Till growne to exceſſe
They long for birth, the time inuites,
Swolne-*Bacchus* feaſt drew neere,
Which *Thracian* dames with ſolemne rites
Should celebrate that yeare,
Both old and young,
In confus'd throng,
Doe rauing run about;
Like bel-dames mad
That day they gad,
No danger then they doubt.

When *Phebus* fierie Car withdrew,
The Queene with a ſelected crew
Her princely palace left:
The ſounding braſſe ſo beat the walls,
Glib Eccho anſwering the calls,
The cryſtall-couering cleft,
A haire-lace of a leauy vine,
About her temples twinde,

A Harts hide was her habit fine,
Which 'bout her ſhe did binde,
A ſmall ſhort ſpeare
Her ſhoulders beare,
Thus arm'd away ſhe hies
To ſearch the wood,
Rites of that god
She counterfets with cries.

She with diſordered furie roues
Through couerts, dens, & ſhadie groues,
With whoops and hollowes lowd,
So hoe, ſhe ſounds: a ſcarce-pac'd-path
Her prying eye diſcouered hath,
Which ſeem'd as ſtaind with bloud:
Her minde that mus'd on my miſchance,
Seeing the withered knops
Of parched graſſe, her ſudden glance
Doth deeme them bloudie drops.
*What firſt the braine*
*Doth intertaine,*
*There ſuch impreſſion takes,*
*That oft the ſight*
*It changeth quite,*
*And falſe reſemblance makes.*

So waſt with her, which makes her more
Long for reuenge then theretofore,
She haſts, ſhe thinkes ſhe heares
My wofull plaint, ſhe preſſeth on,
My priſon dore a moſſ-growne ſtone
Shee breakes and buſhes teares;
Shee takes me out, ſne hides my face
With blooming Hather ſweet:
Shee doth with *Bacchus* liuery grace
Me, as the time was meet:
Shee leads me home,
Where when I come,
My panting breſt bewray'd
That my poore heart
With bitter ſmart
And ſorrow was aſſai'd.

She hauing found a fitting place
To vent her woe, vnuailes my face,
Off *Bacchus* tokens takes;
She ſtares on me, I on the ground,
A guiltleſſe-ſhame did me confound,
My face a flame it makes:
With ſcalding eares ſhe ſtriues to ſtench
The feruor of my face,

Yet

Yet could not her eie-conduits quench
My fires, fed by diſgrace.
If I had had
A tongue to plead,
I had apologiz'd,
And ſworne, conſtrain'd
I had beene ſtain'd,
Shee 'gainſt my will diſpleas'd.

My eloquence did ſo preuaile,
Which in ſad ſilence told my tale,
It deepe impreſſion tooke:
Shee reades the ſtory in my face
Of her wrong, and of my diſgrace,
Pointed with pitties looke.
My teares that trickled downe amaine
Shee blames, that's not the way
(Sayes ſhee in anger and diſdaine)
My fury to allay:
It's fire and ſword
Muſt meanes afford,
To take a ſharpe reuenge;
Or if ought els
Their force excels
In torment nere ſo ſtrange.

While thus ſhe ſpeakes, her pretty childe
*Itys* came, whom with lookes vnmilde
Shee eies: how like his ſire
He lookes? (her heart could not afford
Her woe-ty'd tongue another word,
Swelling with inward ire)
Yet comes he nie, and 'bout her necke
He winds his wanton armes,
He toyes, he kiſſes, wrath doth checke
His childiſh ſnaring charmes,
Againſt her will
Her eies diſtill,
She (mou'd with pitty) mourn'd,
But when on me
Shee ſet her eie,
Her teares to traitors turn'd.

See I my ſiſter thus defilde?
And toy I with the traitors childe?
Doth he with prating ſport,
And ſits ſhee ſilent? cals he dame,
And cannot ſhe her ſiſter name,
Diſtreſſed in ſuch ſort?
Firſt let him die; I gaue him breath,
And what hath he deſeru'd?

His

His ſire gaue what is worſe then death,
Should his ſeede be preſeru'd?
What, ſhall ſhe grieue?
And ſhall he liue
Still to vpbraid our ſhame?
Ile not diſpenſe
With ſuch offence
For a kinde mothers name.

Thus reaſon'd ſhe, thus wrath preuail'd,
A Parents part in pitie fail'd,
Sifter ſhe prou'd too deare,
Rudely the tender boy ſhe hales,
Who flatteringly, *kinde mother* cals,
Her fury made him feare:
Remorſe and pitie from her fled,
Fell furie tooke the place;
Shee in his boſome bath'd a blade,
As he would her imbrace;
Nor ſo content,
Shee cut, and rent
Him peece-meale, part ſhe boiles,
Some part ſhe roaſts,
And thereof boaſts,
Blithe of her proper ſpoiles.



His

Shee hereof makes a daintie feaſt
For him that it ſuſpected leaſt,
Her husband ſhee inuites,
Faining the cuſtome did permit
But one man at the moſt, to ſit
At *Bacchus* bliſſed rites:
He ſet in ſtate, that food before
Him plac'd, thereon he feeds,
Too deare a diſh he doth deuoure,
Yet nothing thereof dreads;
He ſaies bring here
My darling deare,
*Itys* my loued lad:
*Progne* could nought
More hide her thought,
Reuenge made her ſo glad.

Thou ſeeſt him (ſaies ſhe) where (he ſaid)
I that no more could hide his head
Which quietly I kept,
As it was ſtuin'd with barkned blood,
Did hurle at him; as he were wood,
He from the table leapt;
He wailes, he weeps, he mad doth run,
Full traught with furies fits,

My

My infants herſe, his tombe, vndone
I am, bereft of wits,
(He ſaid) o're-ioy'd
To ſee him noy'd
We were; *Reuenge* did ſmile,
With naked blade
He doth inuade
Vs, authours of this guile.

He eagerly doth vs perſue
So ſwift, as feathered we flew,
Thereto inforc'd by feare,
Soft pens ſprout out, our armes turne wings,
New ſhape we take (who'l truſt ſuch things)
Soft plumes our bodies beare:
We become birds, *Progne* to towne
Doth take a ſudden flight,
I wandring to the woods did bowne
To waile my woes by night:
Some bloody ſtaine
We ſtill retaine,
The marke of that miſdeed,
Such crimſon-taint
Our feathers paint,
As they ſeeme ſtill to bleed.

Nor he who vs perſu'd doth ſcape
For his foule fault, he looſeth ſhape,
He to a *Tewghet* turnes;
His blade is turn'd into a bill
To exerciſe his angry will:
His voice ſtill ſadly mournes.
'Cauſe once a King, a crowne-like creſt
He brauely yet doth beare;
His iſſue hatch'd, away doe haſte,
Their father they doe feare.
*Pandion* heard
Theſe newes and bard
All comfort, fed on care,
Before his day
Griefe made a way
To death, by dire deſpaire.

So farre ſweet *Philomela* ſung,
But here ſad ſorrow ſtaid her tongue,
Her throbbing breſt did bound,
Whereby I well might gueſſe her griefe,
And 'cauſe I could not yeeld releefe,
Her woe my heart did wound.
Pittie with paſſion ſo me piere'd,
I preſt her how to pleaſe,

Her legend if it were rehears'd,
I deem'd would doe her eaſe:
Not knowing well
How ſhe could tell
Her tale ſo well agen,
Returning backe
I was not ſlacke,
Thus her complaint to pen.

FINIS.

SH

M

By

Printe
and

# SHERETINE and MARIANA.

By *Patricke Hannay* Gent.



LONDON,
Printed by *Iohn Haviland* for *Nathaniel Butter*,
and are to be ſold at the ſigne of the pide Bull
at S. Auſtins gate. 1622.



TO
H



*w a p*
*it is of*
*for pr*
*thankf*

# TO THE TRVLIE HONOVRABLE AND NOBLE LADY Lvcia COVNTESSE OF Bedford.

*IT is a continued cuſtome (Right honourable) that what paſſeth the Preſſe, is Dedicated to ſome one of eminent quality: Worth of the perſonage to whom, or a priuate reſpect of the partie by whom it is offered, being chiefe cauſes thereof, the one for protection and honour, the other for a thankfull remembrance. Moued by both theſe,*

# The Epiſtle Dedicatorie.

*I preſent this ſmall Poem (now expoſed to publike cenſure) to your Honour: firſt knowing the fore-placing of your Name (for true worth ſo deſeruedly well knowne to the world) will not only be a defence againſt malignant carpers, but alſo an addition of grace. Secondly, the obligation of gratitude (whereby I am bound to your Ladiſhips ſeruice) which cannot be cancelled, ſhall be hereby humbly acknowledged. If it pleaſe (that being the end of theſe endeuours) I haue my deſire. Daine to accept thereof* (Madam) *with a fauourable aſpect, whereby I ſhall be incouraged, and more ſtrictly tyed to remaine*

Euer your Honour's, in
all humble dutie,

PATRICK HANNAY.

# A briefe Collection out of the *Hungarian Hiſtorie, for the better* vnderſtanding of this enſuing *Poem.*

AFter the loſſe of the battle of *Mohacz*, *Lewis* (the ſecond of that name, King of *Hungary* and *Bohemia*) found dead in a rift of the earth halfe a mile aboue *Mohacz*; the Turke inueſts *Iohn Zappoly* (choſen at *Alberegalis*) King of *Hungary*: The Arch-Duke *Ferdinand* pretending to bee heire of *Ladiſlas*, is elected King of *Bohemia*, and growing great thinkes of the conqueſt of *Hungary*; alledging it did appertaine to him by right of Prince *Albert*, and *Anne* his wife, ſiſter to King *Lewis*: He gathering together a ſtrong army, enters therewith into *Hungary*. King *Iohn* vnprouided of forces, retires to *Tranſilvania*: *Ferdinand* perſues and ouerthrowes him: he flees towards *Polonia*, and *Ferdinand* is crowned King of *Hungary*.

gary. *Ierome Lasky* (a man of great power) receiues *Iohn*, and practiſeth with the Turke for his reſtitution. *Solyman* vndertakes his defence, and brings him back. Many hoſtilities paſt twixt *Iohn* and *Ferdinand*: Fortune now fauouring the one, now the other; at laſt (wearied, and their forces weakened) they agreed: The conditions were, that *Iohn* ſhould inioy all hee then poſſeſſed during his naturall life; & at his death it ſhould deſcend to *Ferdinand*: *Iohns* children (if hee left any) to be honourably maintained. Within ſhort time after this agreement *Iohn* dieth, leauing a ſonne (named *Stephen*) of eleuen dayes of age. *Izabella* (wife to *Iohn*, and daughter to *Sigiſmond* King of *Poland*) together with a Friar named *George* (who had been a follower of *Iohns* fortunes) are left tutors to this yong Prince. *Iohn* dead, *Ferdinand* requires performance of the agreement; which (by the Friars meanes) is denied. The Queene with her ſonne and *George* retire to *Buda*, which *Ferdinand* (by his Lieutenant *Raccandolfe*) ſtraightly beſieges. *Mahumet Baſha* ſuccours the Queene, *Solyman* himſelfe coming to *Andrionopolis*. *Muſtapha Baſha* is ſent into *Tranſiluania* againſt

*Mallias*

*Malliat Ferdinands* Lieutenant there. *Raccandolph* is quite defeat at *Buda* by *Mahumet*, who takes *Pesthe* and diuers other fortresses.

*Malliat* hearing of this ouerthrow (and despairing of succours from *Ferdinand*) retires to *Fogare* a strong Castle, which by a thousand assaults of the Turkes could not be taken. He comes to a parly with *Mustafa*, who sends into *Fogare*, foure principall Captaines of the Cauallarie as hostages; *Malliat* on this assurance comming forth is betraid in a banquet, seized on as a prisoner, and sent to *Constantinople*, where he remained prisoner til his death. *Solyman* (hauing thus driuen *Ferdinands* forces out of *Hungary*) commeth to *Buda*, from whence he sends *Isabel* and her sonne with the Frier to gouerne *Transiluania*, depriuing her of *Hungarie* against his passed faith. The Frier (of an insolent and haughtie spirit) gouerneth all in *Transiluania* as he listeth, little regarding the Queene: Shee (disdaining to be curbd by one risen from so meane a qualitie) complaineth to *Soliman*. The Frier (fearing the *Turkes* force) sendeth priuately to *Ferdinand*, inticing him to a new attempt, promising him the aid of the *Transiluanians*,

*nians*, with diuers fortreſſes. *Ferdinand* (glad of this offer) ſends to his brother *Charles* the fift then warring in *Germanie*: He (iealous of *Fredericke* Duke of *Saxon*, and *Philp* Lantgraue of *Heſſ*, whom yet he detained priſoners) ſends him only *Iohn Baptiſta Caſtalde* to be his Lieutenant, who comes to *Vienna* for his inſtructions. With him came diuers Gentlemen, amongſt whom was *Iohn Sheretine*, who there becomes deeply enamoured of *Mariana*, daughter to *Lazare Ardech*, and is requited with like affection: friends willingly conſent, and they are contracted. *Caſtalde* (with inſtructions) leaues *Vienna*, whom *Sheretine* (after a ſad farewell of *Mariana*) doth accompanie. While they are in iourney to *Hungary*, *Maximilian* ſonne to *Ferdinand* returnes from *Spaine*, hauing wedded *Mary*, daughter to *Charles* the fift, in honor whereof diuers triumphs are done. *Nicholas Turian* (a young Nobleman) comming with *Maximilian* to *Vienna*, and ſeeing *Mariana*, falls in loue with her; by meanes of her fathers kinſman (his intire friend) hee comes acquainted with *Mariana's* parents: he ſues for *Mariana*: Her parents better liking his preſent

preſent and better meanes then *Sheretines*; (which moſt depended on hope) force her againſt her will and plighted faith, to wed *Tarian*.

*Caſtalde* (come into *Hungary*) cauſeth *Agria* (a town of great importance, yet neither ſtrong by ſite nor Art) to be ſtrongly fortified, cõmitting the charge thereof to *Eraſmus Tewſle*. *Caſtalde* proceeds on his iourney to *Tranſiluania*. Ariuing at *Tiß* or *Tibiſcus*, (a large and deepe riuer, which taketh his beginning in *Poland*, at the foot of the hill *Carpatus*, and thwarteth *Hungary* towards the South till it fall in *Danubius*, betweene *Belgrad* and *Cenedin*, where it loſeth the name. It is in ſome places eight miles broad by reaſon of quagmires) and hauing paſſed the riuer, they marched in battell till they came to *Debrezen*, there he met with two of the greateſt and richeſt Lords of *Hungary*, *Andrew Battor*, and *Thomas Nadaſdy*, who ioyned with him. By the way *Dalmas* holding for the Queene, is beſieged, and taken by *Iohn Baptiſta* of *Arco*. The *Queene* hearing of *Caſtalde* his approch, calleth a Dyet at *Egneth*, which (by the Friers cunning) is diſſolued without any thing eonelu-

ded. She retires with her ſonne to *Albeiula* with ſuch force as ſhe had. The *Friar* perſues her, and ſhe fearing the weakneſſe of the towne, retires to *Saſſebeſs* (a place by ſituation farre ſtronger then *Albeiula:*) *George* beſiegeth *Albeiula.* The *Queene* hearing of the approch of ten thouſand *Spaniards* to his aid, ſeekes an accord, which *George* eaſily grants, knowing *Caſtalde* was not nie. The *Queene* yeelds the *Towne*, on condition to haue her mouables ſaued. *George* conſents therto, not ſuffering one of his ſoldiers to enter, till her goods were brought out and carried to her. *Caſtalde* and *George* meet ſoone after at *Egneth*; they goe to ſeeke the *Queene* to *Saſſebeſs:* there they ſit in Counſell: *Caſtalde* declares his charge: that the *Queene* ſhould render the kingdome according to the former agreement made with her *Husband Ioõn.* Hee addes alſo, that the Infanta *Ioan* (youngeſt daughter to *Ferdinand*, with 100000. Crownes for a Dowrie) ſhould be giuen to her ſonne *Steuen* in mariage: with other offers, all ſeeming good to that aſſemblie. They ſend her that meſſage by *George*; whereupon ſhe (knowing the impoſſibilitie to keepe it by force, being deſtitute

deſtitute of all aid) yeelds her ſelfe to *Ferdinand*. The *Friar* (fearing leſt this agreement might eclipſe his greatneſſe) ſeekes to diſſolue it; but ſhe (iealous of his inconſtancie and cunning, and not able longer to ſuffer his inſolencies) accuſeth him to *Caſtalde*; ſeeketh to confirme the agreement, and at a Dyet held at *Egneth* in preſence of her ſonne and Nobilitie, deliuers vp the kingly Ornaments, which were a Crowne of plates of gold mounting on high in forme of a high-crownd hat, inriched with Pearle and ſtones, with a ſmall golden Croſſe on the top, a Scepter of Iuory, a Mantle of cloth of gold ſet with ſtones: a Gowne and a paire of ſhooes of gold: The *Frier* would haue had the Crowne in keeping, which ſhe with diſdaine denied him, ſaying, *Shee would neuer conſent that a Frier ſhould be King of that kingdome, whereof ſhe diſpoſſeſſed her ſelfe and ſonne.* Then (with great effuſion of teares) deliuers *Caſtalde* the *Crowne*; earneſtly imploring *Ferdinands* releeſe to her and her ſonne (whoſe griefe ſhewed he diſliked the ſurrender) conſidering they were ſprung from a Noble ſtocke. The next day after ſhe tooke her iourney to-

wards *Caſſouia* with her ſickly ſonne, manifeſting the great ſorrow and diſcontent ſhe felt to ſee her ſelfe depriued of her Kingdome; and by agreement to leaue her owne, which (in time) ſmall helpe of friends could ſtill haue kept. At *Caſſouia* ſhee ſtayes, with patience expecting a change of *Fortune*. At laſt is made *Vayuod* of *Tranſalpinia*, ſeeketh aid of the *Turke*: The *Tranſiluanians* (wearied with the *Auſtrian* oppreſſion) practiſe her returne. She comming, driues out *Ferdinands* forces; is reeſtabliſhed, and rewardeth thoſe who had ſtill ſtucke to her. *Caſtalde* after receipt of the *Crowne*, diligently kept it. At laſt finding fit opportunitie, ſends it to *Ferdinand* by *Iohn Alphonſe Caſtalde Peſcaire* (his nephew) whom *Sheretine* (longing to ſee *Mariana*) accompanieth to *Vienna*; there ſeeing the inconſtancie of *Mariana*; (who had promiſed neuer to yeeld to any other) and the ill dealing of her parents, within ſhort time hee falleth ſicke with extreme ſorrow, and dieth; whoſe death bringeth on their tragicke ends, as in this Poem more at large doth appeare.

SHERE-

# SHERETINE and MARIANA.

## THE FIRST CANTO.

THE ARGVMENT.

Marian's *Ghoſt her birth doth tell,*
*How* Sheretine *her lou'd:*
*And how requited; how both griev'd*
*When he to warre remou'd.*

ONe Euening 'twas when the declining Sunne
Wearied, gaue place to the enſuing night:
And ſiluer *Phœbe* had her courſe begun
To cheere the world with her more feeble light:
To reſt my ſelfe vpon a bed I caſt,
Till gentle ſleepe ſeas'd on me at the laſt.

As ſoone as ſleepe me wholly had poſſeſt,
And bid ſad cares a time for to depart,
I thought to me a louely-Maid addreſt,
Whoſe ſight might pierce the moſt obdurate heart:
Soft was her gate, and heauy was her cheare,
Ghoſtly, yet milde, her viſage did appeare.

Her golden tramells trailed downe her backe,
And in her hand a goarie knife ſhe bare:
Downe from her breaſt ſtreamed a bloody tracke;
A ſable Sarſenet was all that ſhe ware,
Thorow which that blood appear'd, as I on lawne
Haue ſeene with crimſon ſilke a currant drawne.

Then gently did ſhe by the hand me take,
Saying, Feare not, with me vouchſafe to goe,
Euen for thine onely Saint faire *Celia's* ſake,
Where thou ſhalt all my forepaſt fortunes know:
Then to a floorie greene ſhe forth me led,
Which was in *Flora's* fineſt liuery clad.

The Sunne nor Moone there neuer ſhow their face,
Nor yet doth horrid darkneſſe there appeare;
Nor nights, nor dayes, nor ſeaſons there take place,
One night, one day, one ſeaſon ſerues the yeere.
Such light as when the early Larke doth ſing,
Such ſeaſon as twixt Summer and the Spring.

Downe

Downe by this field there runnes a deepe blacke lake,
O're which a Ferry-man doth ſteare a Boat
So ſmeard with blood, that doubtfull it doth make,
Or blacke or red, with goary pitched coat,
With twiſted long blacke haire, and blew lips ſide,
Lampe-burning eies, mare-browes, & noſtrils wide.

To him there flock'd of euery ſort and faſhion,
Ouer that riuer wafrage for to haue;
But he deuoid of all loue and compaſſion,
Would none transport, but ſuch as paſport gaue:
Here would ſhe faine haue paſt, but backe he held
Her with his Pole, and churliſhly repel'd.

Then backe ſhe brought me to that floury greene,
And ſet me downe, then pittifully ſaid,
Thou ſeeſt how faine I would transported beene;
But churliſh *Charon* hath my paſſage ſtaid:
Nor ere can I paſſe o're this griſly lake,
Vnleſſe thou daine pittie on me to take.

For ſtill I'm ſtayd till one doe write my ſtory,
Whoſe infant Muſe is by a maid inſpir'd,
To write her worth, and to ſet forth her glory,
Who for her parts deſerues to be admir'd;
Such is thy faireſt *Celia*, ſuch the Muſe
Which her rare beautie bred and did infuſe.

By

By thy ſweet *Cœlia's* name I thee coniure,
My ruefull legend that thou wouldſt relate,
This may from her ſome pittie thee procure,
For as hers now, ſuch once was my eſtate:
I bid her ſay, and I would doe my beſt
To pleaſe my miſtreſſe, and procure her reſt.

Then thus. At *Vien* firſt I drew my breath,
And at my birth I *Marian* was nam'd,
I at *Vienna* gaue my ſelfe my death,
For that alone not worthy to be blam'd;
My parents had not baſe, nor noble blood,
But betwixt both in a meane order ſtood.

At my wretch'd birth appear'd no ominous ſtarre,
Which might my future miſery diuine;
None oppoſite, they all according were
To ſhew my riſe, but not my ſad decline:
All did agree to grace my infant yeares
With happineſſe, but drowne mine age in teares.

Kind *Nature* freely her beſt gifts beſtow'd,
And all the *Graces* ioyn'd to doe me grace:
In giuing what they gaue, they nothing ow'd,
Which well to thoſe appeard, who ſaw my face;
There was no maid who durſt with me compare,
My beautie and my vertues were ſo rare.

My

My Parents plac'd in me their whole content,
I was their ioy, they had no children more,
Kinne and acquaintance all of me did vaunt,
And brag'd to ſee my youth produce ſuch ſtore
Of budding blotſomes, faireſt fruit preſaging,
All which were nip'd by aduerſe fortunes raging.

My Parents care was chiefly how to traine
Me vp in vertue from my tender yeeres,
They vs'd all meanes, ſparing nor coſt, nor paine,
Nor day, nor night me to inſtruct forbeares,
So in ſhort time my vertue had ſuch growth,
As age whiles brings, but is not ſeene in youth.

Like as the riſing Sunne with weaker light,
Steales from the bed of baſhfull bluſhing *Morne*,
Permitting freely to the feebleſt ſight
Him to behold, but ſuch beames him adorne
Mounting our height, as who him then beholds,
Is blinded, with the brightneſſe him infolds.

So I an Infant at the firſt appearance,
With hoped beautie did but weakely ſhine;
But as in yeeres I further did aduance,
Perfections Pencill ſo did me refine,
As my accompliſht beautie at the height
Dazled the bold beholders daring-ſight.

About

ABout this time th'Hungarian ſtate diſtreſt,
(King *Iohn* being dead) by ciuill diſcord torne,
Some *Ferdinand* would in the ſtate inueſt,
The Frier for young *Stephen* others doth ſuborne;
He with Queene *Iſabel* calls in the Turke,
Who ſeems her friend, but for himſelf doth work.

*Buda* by ſieging-*Ferdinand* is girt,
By *Solyman* his Armie's there defeat;
Who taketh *Peſthe*, *Muſtafa* doth hurt,
On *Malliat* warres: The *Tranſiluanian* ſtate
Sweares homage vnto *Stephen*; *Malliat* betrayd
To *Stambol's* ſent, where till he dyed he ſtayd.

*Solyman* hauing *Ferdinand* o'rethrowne,
To *Buda* comes; depriues the woefull Queene
Of *Hungary*, ſeazing it as his owne:
Sends her diſtreſſed with her Infant *Stephen*
To *Tranſiluania* with the craftie Friar
Her coadiutor, for to gouerne there.

You eaſily may gueſſe her heart was ſorry,
Being depriu'd of what ſhe held moſt deare:
Rob'd of her ſtate, degraded of her glory
By th'iniuſt Lord ſhee cald to free her feare:
*Buda* beares witneſſe of her ſad complaint,
Which mine owne woe permits me not to paint.

To

To *Tranſiluania* come, no ſorrow ceaſeth,
Th'ambitious Biſhop gouerns as him liſteth:
The Queene he curbs, command in her decreaſeth,
Whilſt he growes greater and in pride perſiſteth:
Till her abuſed patience cannot beare
More the demeanor of the ſaucy Frier.

Her Father *Sigiſmond* no comfort ſends her,
He was but careleſſe, though ſhe thus was croſt:
Not one of his confederates befriends her,
Seeing him leaue her ſhould releeue her moſt. (thee,
Ah wretched Queen, what help can moaning make
When father, friends, kin, and allies forſake thee?

Her ſorrowes now ſhe can no more ſupport,
(Yet peremptory *George* was greateſt griefe:)
Since who ſhould loue, had left her in ſuch ſort,
Her diſcontented mind hopes ſmall releeſe:
To *Solyman* ſhe ſends; O woefull wight,
To ſeeke an iniurer to doe thee right.

The *Turke* commiſerats her ſad eſtate,
*George* knowing this, to *Saſſebeſſ* retires,
Scoures ditches, hightens wals debas'd of late,
Layes in munition that a ſiege requires:
Then rayſeth forces. *Iſabell* prouides (uides.
Force 'gainſt his force, which the whole land di-

The

The *Turke Chiauſs* in *Isbels* fauour ſent
Threatens the Frier, and thoſe to him adhere;
Which did no good but ill, it from her rent
Moſt part of thoſe that erſt her fautors were:
Such inbred hatred to the *Turke* they bore,
They hate her cauſe, 'cauſe hee would her reſtore.

The Queene (miſdoubting of the *Turks* ſupply)
Seekes an agreement, which is lightly granted:
For the *Frier* knew that the *Turks* force drew nye,
Intelligence there to her hurt ſhe wanted:
Agreed, the *Frier* forceth the *Turke* retire,
Still miſregards her, ſtill doth high aſpire.

She once againe the Nobles doth incite,
(Diſdaining his neglect) and they once more
In a firme league to her doe reunite,
The crafty *Frier* thinkes to prouide therefore:
To *Ferdinand* he ſends, his aide doth proffer,
Which *Ferdinand* accepts, glad of that offer.

To *Charles* the Fift his brother he doth ſend,
In ſuch affaire to haue his preſent aid,
Yet knowing no great ſuccour he could lend,
(In *Germany* his whole force being ſtaid:)
Yet at the leaſt an expert Captaine braue
For his Lieutenant he doth preſſe to haue.

*Charles*

*Charles* weighing what this enterpriſe importeth,
*Iohn Baptiſt Caſtald*, Count of *Piaden*,
Doth ſingle out, and to this charge exhorteth,
He willingly accepts, but with few men
He takes his leaue, and vnto *Vien* comes,
Where he is welcom'd with the preſſing-drums.

One of his traine, (and what concernes me moſt,
With that ſhe ſigh'd) was one in *Vien* borne,
*Iohn Sheretine*, his kin of him did boaſt,
As if his ſtocke he chiefly did adorne.
And thoſe who haue no intereſt in his blood,
Honor him more, the more hee's vnderſtood.

From Natiue home he long time had remain'd,
In *Padua* ten yeares at ſchoole he ſtaid,
And in that time he ſo much learning gain'd,
As Vertues firme foundations ſure were laid:
His father hereof knowing, him commends
To *Caſtald*, who on bloody *Mars* attends.

He willingly his fathers heſt obeyes,
And in ſhort time made to the world appeare
That learning ne're the haughty ſpirit allayes,
Which honor'd glory for his badge doth beare.
And though that *Enuie* ſtil doth hate braue deeds,
Yet his worth euen in *Enuy* liking breeds.

He

He with *Caſtalde* to *Vien* comes backe,
Where hungrie expectation longs to ſee him,
Kin and acquaintance to the Caſements make,
They thinke him happieſt that firſt can eie him:
Yet when they ſee, they know not whom t'affect,
All-changing *Time* had alter'd his aſpect.

To ſee theſe ſoldiers in the Towne receiued,
The confus'd multitude in cluſters throng:
The better ſort, (yet noueltie that craued)
In ſpatious windowes ranged were along;
There was I plac'd, I clothed was in greene,
Imbrodered o're with flowres like Sūmers Queen.

As each did paſſe, he did our cenſure paſſe,
Whom one did like, another did diſdaine:
*Sheretine* came, and none knew what he was,
Yet each one's approbation he did gaine,
Each one him prais'd, and I amongſt the reſt,
Of all that paſs'd ſaid he deſerued beſt.

Nor was this fauour forced from affection,
It was deſert that drew this verdict fra me,
Loue had not then inflam'd me with infection,
No obiect had had hap from me to draw me;
Though loue had found me fit to ſhew his power,
Yet did I liue at libertie that houre.

Though

Though mine eies were the arcenat where he hid
His choiſeſt armes, from whence he might take fires,
(Which in continuall lightning from them ſlid)
To kindle in cold hearts moſt hot deſires;
Yet I not knowing what their power meant,
My youths ſweet ſpring, free from diſquiet ſpent.

Some noble thought poſſeſſing ſtill my minde,
Whilſt gold on Canuas ground my fingers place,
Or nimbly on a Lute light notes out finde,
Which with ſweet airs my charming voice did grace:
Theſe gaue no leaue to *Loue* to let mine eaſe,
Which diſreſpect did the Loue-god diſpleaſe.

He languiſh'd that the flames which in mine eies
Were plac'd, had yet but darted feeble raies:
Now did the bruit of *Sheretine* him pleaſe,
Of him all ſpeake, all liſten to his praiſe;
He thinkes him only worthy of thoſe fires
Which had not kindled others deepe deſires.

Whilſt at *Vienna* they for diſpatch ſtay,
They're viſit'd by their countrie gallantrie,
Which to expreſſe affection doth aſſaie:
They with requitall quit their curteſie;
For *Sheretine* the *Fates* doe lay a traine,
My father wooes, he may him entertaine.

He willing to his ſuit doth condeſcend,
To be eie-witneſſe (to his houſe reſorted)
Whether that *Fame* me falſly did commend,
Or if I were ſuch as I was reported:
For ſhe had blaz'd my beautie euery where,
Cal'd others faire and fairer, me moſt faire.

The day did ſeeme to breake euen at the noone,
My comming ſo eclips'd the former light,
Small ſtarres are dim'd ſo, by a rounded Moone
Which from a cloud comes ſuddenly to ſight:
My beautie blaz'd ſo at the firſt appearing,
He thinkes *Report* my worth had wrong'd by bea-
(ring.

What learned *Padua* could not effect,
Nor ſpacious *Germanie* where he had ſtaid,
That *Vien* doth, one beautie there reſpect
Bred, which all theirs conioyn'd in vaine aſſaid:
His heart from their attracting baits left free,
At *Vien* he doth offer vp to me.

My father his affection to expreſſe,
Bids him kinde welcome as his deareſt friend,
Vowes laſting loue, meane-while *Loue* doth addreſſe
His ſureſt ſhaft, his golden bow doth bend;
Mine eie the quiuer whence he tooke the dart
With vnauoiding ſtroke, that hit his heart.

One

One might haue ſeene mid-day of his deſires,
Euen from the Eaſt of their new taken birth:
He ſtroue to hide the new flame of his fires,
But grounded paſſion is not maſqu'd with mirth:
His mirth to melancholy ſighs redoubled,
Did well bewray, his muſing minde was troubled.

Thus was he firſt enamoured, yet he ſtroue
To hide his paſſion; but we did perceaue
Some vnaccuſtom'd accident did moue
Theſe ſudden fits, yet we no cauſe would craue:
He takes his leaue, vnto his home returnes,
Whilſt in his heart, that new fire hotly burnes.

He careleſſe caſts himſelfe vpon his bed,
And 'gins to reaſon with his reſtleſſe *Thought*:
He curſeth *Chance* that firſt him thither led,
He ſtrait doth bleſſe it 'cauſe it there him brought,
He blames it for the breeding his vnreſt,
Loues it for ſhewing what could make him bleſt.

How did I liue with vnperturbed minde,
Paſſing the day with ioy, the night with ſleepe,
(Saith he) where wakriſe cares I now doe finde,
And new diſquiet for my late delight:
Are theſe th'effects of *Beautie* and of *Loue?*
Heauen *Loue* and *Beautie* fra me then remoue.

Ah hatefull tongue recant this foule amiſſe,
*Loue* is the God that firſt gaue life a being:
*Beautie's* the breeder of this greater bliſſe,
How dar'ſt thou then profane their power weying?
*Beauty* breeds loue, loue beauty doth requite
With the attractiue lines of ſweet delight.

Then welcome *Loue*, I now will entertaine thee,
*Beauty* Ile thee with reuerence adore;
But what if beautious-loue ſhould now diſdaine me,
Since loue and beauty I haue brau'd before?
Nay, they will not take that as a diſgrace,
I ſaw nor knew not them, till firſt her face.

Her face where wanton loue keepes reſidence,
He takes no progreſſe but when ſhe remoues:
Beauty proiects from thence vnto the ſence
Such beaming-glances, as their brightneſſe proues
Yong Eaglers, pardon *Loue*, for I had beene
Sooner your ſubiect, if ſhe ſooner ſeene.

Thus paſſed he the night without ſlumber,
Longing for day, nor did I take ſuch reſt
As therefore, new thoughts gan me to cumber,
Making me wakriſe whil'ſt my ſleepe decreaſt.
Nor could I thinke what did procure that change,
'Cauſe vnaccuſtom'd I did hold it ſtrange.

Whilſt

Whilſt ſleepe remou'd, on *Sheretine* I thought,
(The mind muſt ſtill be buſied) I his ſhape
Did thinke that Nature curiouſly had wrought,
On which the Graces did their bleſſings heape;
And Vertue that ſhe part of him might claime,
Had deck'd with rareſt ornaments his frame.

Why ſhould I thinke on him more then another
I ſay:) And ſtraight begin my thought to blame,
I would forget his ſhape, his Vertues ſmother,
Place where he ſate, the time he went and came:
Yet ſtill the more I wiſh him out of mind,
Him liuelier repreſented there I find.

Sleepeleſſe ſpend the night, I early riſe,
He reſtleſſe longeth for to leaue his bed,
So'n then our thoughts began to ſympathize;
Abroad he walk'd as Morne the Eaſt-heauen clad:
To put him out of mind I did repaire
T'a Garden, yet in thought I found him there.

Ere noone he came (acquaintance loth to loſe)
To viſit and giue thankes; I ioy'd to ſee him,
As he to be with me of all did chooſe;
So I was well contented to be nye him:
Thus did the *Deſtinies* draw on our fate,
I knew not *Loue*, fear'd not his hidden bait.

After we often walk'd into the fields,
Passing the time with sport and harmlesse mirth,
Where nought did want, that faireſt *Flora* yeelds,
Or *Tellus* from her treasure bringeth forth:
But discontented mindes seld finde releese
By outward shew for inward hidden greese.

For in his countenance we might behold
Some hidden grief, though gilded o're with gladnes,
Sudden abortiue sighes vnto vs told;
His pensiue minde was seiz'd with inward sadnesse;
Ignorant of the cause, I thought to please him,
The more I cherish'd, more I did disease him.

*Sheretines* loue still more and more increast,
The more he did my company frequent:
His bearing breſt bewraid his hearts vnrest,
Yet could not (though he strouе) my sight absent.
So doth *Farfalla* dallie with the flame,
Till his wings seard, he sinkes downe in the same.

Oft would he striue to looke another way,
And still endeuour'd, me for to neglect:
Yet did his eie more stedfast on me stay,
Endeu'ring to dislike, bred more respect.
Now look'd he pale, now red, cold, straight in fire,
Merrie, soone sad; *how changing is desire!*

Yet

Yet his deſire he ſtroue to couer ſtill,
And each way to conceale his paſſion tride,
But loue reſiſted, like a cloſe pent kill
Moſt hotly burnes, when leaſt the flame's eſpide,
He thought it would haue kild it to conceale it,
The ſalue hurt moſt, which moſt he thought (ſhould heale it.

Within ſhort time his hid fire out doth blaze,
His ſtrength no longer able to ſuppreſſe it:
He wooes *Occaſion*, then blames her ſhe ſtaies
To ſit him *Time* when he might well expreſſe it:
*Time* ſoone befriends, we to a garden walke,
Vnſeene, vnheard, where we might freely talke.

How comes it ſir, taking him by the hand,
Then ſaid I, that griefe taketh on you ſeiſure:
(Without preſumption if I might demand,)
Where nothing is intended but your pleaſure:
For in your viſage *Care's Idea's* plac'd,
Which hath your late-ioy-ſemblance clean defac'd.

Loue-worthieſt *Maiden*, blameleſſe if I durſt
(Saith he) lay ope my heart and thought reueale,
I would tell how my ſobbing-ſighs were firſt
Conceiu'd, tooke birth, and why they ſtill doe dwell.
Then finding me willing to heare inclinde,
He thus begins to tell his troubled minde.

Faire (if that faire be not too baſe a name
For thee ſweet deitie of my affection,)
Before this boldneſſe receiue check, or blame,
(My tongue is free from flatterie's infection:)
Vouchſafe to heare, (and heare without offence)
My rude, yet loue-inforced eloquence.

Loue now the ſole commander o're my ſoule,
Elſe-where that could not by his craft or might
Captiue my thought, or liberty controule,
Hath brought me here (vſing that cunning ſlight)
To ſee thy face, which in an houre hath gain'd
Loue conqueſt o're him, who erſt loue diſdain'd.

'Gainſt his aſſaults, hitherto as defence,
A conſtant reſolution I prepar'd:
His beautie-batteries poorely beat my ſenſe,
Beautie's-neglect 'bout me kept watch and ward.
Nere could loue gaine, till thy commanding-look
Surpris'd my fort and guard, me captiue tooke.

I am thy priſoner, but no freedome ſeeke,
In this captiuitie I ioy to bide,
Only I craue my hearts keeper be meeke;
*Deare*, let not this deſire be me deni'de:
For it's my ioy, ſince *Loue doth conquer all*,
That I had hap to be thy beauties thrall.

And

And thy ſweet looke (if I doe right diuine)
Doth promiſe, thou wilt not ſo cruell proue,
Nor pittileſſe to make thy captiue pine
By baſe diſdaine, and ſo requite his loue,
Which is not touched with leaſt part of folly,
My aime is honeſt, my preteníion's holy.

Then deare, (but dearer far if thou wer't mine,)
Let pittie (the companion of ſweet beautie,)
Moue thee to loue him, whom *loue* hath made thine:
Loue to requite with loue is but loue's dutie.
Grant loue; if not, ſay thou ſcorn'ſt my deſires,
That death may quickly quench my louing fires.

As doth a priſoner at the barre expect
With pittie-mouing-looke the doubtfull doome,
And by the Iudges more ſeuere aſpect,
Doth rather feare then hope what is to come:
So *Sheretine* torne betwixt hope and feare,
His ioy or ſorrow ſo awaits to heare.

A purple bluſh with natiue tincture, di'de
My cheeke's late lilly in a deepeſt red,
Whil'ſt I (abaſhed) to his ſpeech repli'de,
Whoſe fainting eies ſtill on my face doe feed:
I was amaz'd, I muſed what to ſay,
*Loue* ſeekes conſent, modeſty bids denie.

At

At laſt braue ſir (ſaid I) I am not train'd
So in loues ſchoole as make a quaint replie,
Nor thinke I Louers can be ſo much pain'd
As they make ſhew, but thereby only trie
Their wit on womans weakneſſe, to inſnare
That harmleſſe ſex before it be aware.

Or if they be, it's by ſome rarer beautie,
My poore perfection cannot paſſion moue,
Your courage ſhould propoſe elſewhere that dutie;
Vaine-glore cannot ſo puffe me with ſelfe-loue
As to beleeue mine ſuch; the lookes I ſcatter
Are feeble, ne're inflame, nor ſuch I'le flatter.

My ſpeech (ſaith he) of flatterie commeth not,
Loue brings it from the oracle of truth:
I cannot flatter I, nor faine God wot,
Nor doth it need where beautie hath ſuch growth:
With cunning I would not compaſſion moue,
Nor trie my wit with an imagin'd-loue.

My proteſtations whence they doe proceed,
Will ſoone be ſeene by ſighing out my breath,
Vnleſſe my martyrdome thy mercy meed,
Thou'lt know thy beauti's force by timeleſſe-death:
Then ſhall you ſee character'd on my heart
True holy loue, not flatterie nor art.

I muſt not enter in intelligence
Of ſuch loue paſſion (gentle ſir) I ſaid,
If I haue anſwer'd (prompt with innocence)
Seeke not the rather to intrap a maid.
Th'aceeſſe which my ſimplicitie doth giue,
Hence I will barre, vnleſſe ſuch ſuit you leaue.

My fathers comming hindered his replie;
With him the reſidue of the day he ſpent,
Then to his chamber went, there downe did lie,
Bathing his bed with teares of diſcontent;
Accompani'd with euery kinde of care
He tumbling lay, *Hope* yeelding to *Deſpaire*.

My minde no leſſe then his was ſore perplex'd,
It grieu'd me that I granted not his ſuit:
It vex'd my heart to know that he was vex'd,
I reaſon'd, and my reaſon did confute;
Should I haue yeelded? no, who ſoone are won,
Are ſoone diſdain'd, then I had beene vndone.

Yet who doth loue, and can torment her louer:
Yeeld then, vnas'kd? may be he'le ſue no more.
Alas, how ſhall I then my loue diſcouer?
O! would to God I granted had before.
His loue's extreme; if it kill, or take flight,
Or turne to hate, then all my ioyes goodnight.

May

May be it was not ſerious that he ſaid,
O! I am loſt if that he only tri'd me;
Then my owne ſelfe I ſeriouſly ſuruai'd,
And ſaw that louing *Nature* nought deni'd me:
Yet pris'd I not my parts, 'cauſe they were rare,
But 'cauſe they could my *Sheretine* inſnare.

Yet being doubtfull of his backe returning,
I call my ſelfe too cruell, too vnkinde:
And he that could not hinder inward mourning,
Abſents not long, returnes to know my minde.
He vowes, proteſts, thereto addes ſighes & teares,
Which ſweeter then ſweet'ſt muſick piero'd mine eares.

I was well pleaſed that he came againe,
(But better farre his loue was not decai'd)
I thought it folly longer to deraine
With doubtfull-*Hope*, leſt *Loue* ſhould die denai'd:
I (ſeeming loth) granted all that he crau'd,
Mine honour and my repucation ſau'd.

Thoſe who haue felt the fits of feruent *Loue*,
Which hath the ſtrength decai'd, and vigor waſted
With ſtrongeſt *Paſſion*, and in end did moue
Their *Saint* to pittie, and ſome comfort taſted:
Such and none elſe, can tell if he were glad,
When of my loue, this ouertrue I made.

My

My hands he kiſſes, doth not ſpeake a word,
(*Ioy* chaining faſt the paſſage of his ſpeech)
His geſture did more eloquence afford
By mouing ſignes, then Rethoricke can teach:
Therewith o'recome, I open laid my heart,
And all my louing-ſecrets did impart.

I told him that I did no leſſe affect
His vertuous parts, then he admired mine,
How I delai'd not 'cauſe I did neglect,
Or ioy'd to ſee him for my ſake to pine:
But only loues continuance did double,
*The ſoonerſt kindled fire goes ſoonerſt out.*

No more we then on ceremonie ſtand,
Each vnto other firmely plighteth troth,
In ſigne whereof I tooke his, gaue my hand,
Cal'd *God* to witneſſe with religious oath:
He vnto me vow'd a ne're-baring-loue,
I vow'd my fancie nere ſhould other proue.

Our next care was, to gaine our friends conſent,
Who heard no ſooner we did other like,
But they did yeeld, and are ſo well content,
They ioy and thanke the heauens, that ſo did ſtrike
Our hearts with equall heat, they hop'd to ſee
Honour and ioy of our wiſh'd-progenie.

We

We ſometimes after walk'd to take the aire,
Sometimes to ſee them hunt the fearfull *Roe*:
Sometimes we to the Temple did repaire:
Sometimes to the Thearre we would goe.
Thus did we banquet ſtill with freſh varietie,
Yet ne're did cloy or ſurfet with ſatietie.

M: thinkes the ſweet remembrance yet me glads,
How in my fathers flore-perfumed-garth,
Where leauie tops chequer'd out motly ſhades,
And *Flora's* minions diaperd the earth:
How we haue walk'd diſcourſing of our loue,
With kindeſt appellations *Deare* and *Dome*.

An Arbor there ſenc'd from the ſoutherne Sun
With hony ſuckle, thorne, and ſmelling brier,
Which intermix'd through others quaintly run,
Oft hath had hap our louing layes to heare:
There hath he laid his head downe in my lap
To heare me ſing, faining to ſteale a nap.

There ſitting once, I told him how I dream'd
(And wiſh'd my dreame were true) he lóg'd to know (it:
And then moſt eager for to heare it, ſeem'd;
Yet ſhamefaſtneſſe would neuer let me ſhow it
Before our plighted-faith; then I it read,
It was how I was firſt inamoured.

There

There haue we talk'd, chaſte kiſſes interrupping
Our kinde diſcourſe, which euery word did point:
I from his lips, he from mine Nectar ſupping
Mix'd teares of *Pittie* oft our cheeks annoint:
There haue we ſpent long time in ſuch like ſport,
And that long time, we ſtill thought very ſhort.

Such happineſſe we had, we none envi'de,
We counted *Kaeſars* cattles march'd with vs:
But permanent-felicitie's deniде
To mortalls here, none can inioy that bliſſe,
Our ioy ſoone turnes to ſorrow, we muſt part,
Which with griefes ſharpeſt prickles piere'd each (heart.

Now *Ferdinand* had euery thing prepar'd
Was neceſſarie the war to maintaine:
*Caſtalde* who for conduct thereof car'd,
Was readie, and gaue warning to his traine
To be in readineſſe him to attend
To *Hungarie* to make their valour kend.

Young *Sherſtine* prepareth for to goe,
Though all his friends perſwade him ſtay behinde,
Yet he will forward, though euen I ſay no:
Sweet (ſaith he) *Loue* doth not debaſe the minde.
What ſhall I now obſcure my former worth?
No, no, thy loue doth no ſuch fruit bring forth.

Weepe

Weepe not (for then the teares ſtood in mine eye)
*Life* of my *Life*, for ſo my ſorrowe's doubled,
Although thereby ſignes of thy loue I ſee
Which it aſſureth, yet therewith I'me troubled:
If thou wouldſt haue me to inioy content,
Leaue deareſt *Loue* with ſorrow to lament.

The hapleſſe-day being come that muſt vs ſunder,
All ſuch perſwaſions he powr'd out in vaine,
That my heart broke not then it was a wonder,
Swift ſcalding teares out o're my cheekes did raine,
What wilt *thou* got & meanſt *thou* thus to leaue *me*?
(Said I) And wilt thou of all bliſſe bereaue me?

Thou ſaydſt thou wouldſt my *Priſoner* abide,
Is this thy craft thy *Keeper* to betray?
What wilt thou cruell now my ſoule diuide?
I know thou wouldſt not kill me, *Deare* then ſtay;
Ah wilt thou goe? and muſt I ſtay behind?
O! Is this *Loue*? Is this it to be kind?

No more could *Paſſion* ſuffer me produce,
To whom my grieuing *Sheretine* reply'd,
Each eye a teare-euacuating-Sluce;
My *Heart*, my *All*, my *Star* that doth the guide,
Leaue now to grieue, my chiefeſt care ſhall be
Soone to returne, then ſtill to ſtay with thee.

Nor

Nor meane I now to leaue thee altogether,
(With its Affection) I leaue thee my *Heart*,
Let *Deſtiny* or *Fortune* draw me whither
They will, yet from thee that ſhall neuer part:
In nought I'le ioy depriued of thy ſight,
Except the minding of thee breed delight.

*Deare*, let the hope of a ſoone ioyfull meeting,
Better to beare this ſeparation moue Thee,
Thinke of the loyes that will be at our meeting,
The *Fates* do force my abſence but to proue Thee:
Hence from my thought all elſe ſhall be debar'd:
(I ſaid) *My conſtancy may chance be heard.*

*Paſſion* no more permits, we did imbrace
Each other wringing in our winding armes,
With mixed teares bedeawing others face,
One's heart the other's rouz'd with loue-alarmes,
O! none but ſuch as haue felt like diſtreſſe,
Can thinke how ſorrowfull this ſeuering was.

I thinke *Vlyſſes* (faining to be mad,
Loth to depart from lou'd *Penelope*)
No ſuch diſtracting fits (through fancy) had,
As had my *Sheretine* going away;
*Vlyſſes* had reaped the longed crop,
*Sheretine* in the blade had *blooming-hope*.

Thus did we part, he with *Caſtalde* goes;
Yet while in ſight he ſtill did looke behinde him,
I ſtay'd, ſteeping mine eyes in ſeas of woes:
Oft vnawares I look'd about to finde him:
*Imagination* did delude my ſenſe,
I thought I ſaw him, who was farre from thence.

SHERE-

# SHERETINE and MARIANA.

## THE SECOND CANTO.

THE ARGVMENT.

TVRIAN MARIANA *loues,*
*Shee's forced by her Friends*
*To marrie him: This luckleſſe match*
*With blood and ſorrow ends.*

OF all the *Paſſions* which perturbe the minde,
*Loue* is the ſtrongeſt, and moleſts it moſt;
*Loue* neuer leaues it as it doth it finde,
By it ſome goodneſſe is or got, or loſt:
None yet ere lou'd, and liu'd in like eſtate,
But did to Vertue adde, or from it bate.

Sometimes it makes a wiſeman weakely dote,
And makes the wariest ſometimes to be wilde;
Sometimes it makes a wiſeman of a ſot,
Sometimes it makes a ſauage to be milde:
Is maketh *Mirth* to turne to ſullen-*Sadneſſe*,
And ſetled braines it often cracks with *Madneſſe*.

By curſed *All-ſuſpecting-Iealouſie*,
*Faint-doubtfull-Hope*, and *euer-ſhaking-Feare*,
(Whom *Pale-fac'd-Care* ſtill keepeth company)
It is attended: Theſe companions are
No minutes reſt who let the louer find,
But with their ſeuerall thoughts doe racke his (mind.

So was't with me: I euery thing did feare
That might vnto my *Sheretine* befall;
Sometimes I thought I clattring-Armes did heare,
Sometimes for helpe I thought I heard him call:
Sometimes I fear'd *New-beautie* him allur'd,
Sometimes my *Hope* his *Honeſty* aſſur'd.

Now (abſent) I did loue him more intearely,
It taught me *deprimatem* was a hell,
The parting pangs did touch my heart but nearely;
But now in Centre of the ſame they dwell:
I oftentimes lou'd to conſult with *Hope*,
And of his ſwift-returne propos'd the ſcope.

But

But now the *Fates* with *Fortune* doe conſpire,
To croſſe the kinde intendements of *Loue*;
And with ſalt teares to quench his kindled fire,
Not ſatisfied with my deare *Friends* remoue:
My *Ioyes* are in the waine, daily grow leſſe,
My *Sorrows* waxing, daily doe increaſe.

To *Vien* backe comes *Maximilian*,
(*King* of *Bohemia*) *Ferdinand* his ſonne,
With *Mary* daughter vnto *Charles* of *Spaine*,
In honour whereof diuers ſports are done;
Tilting and Turnay, Feaſts to entertaine
(With pompe) the comming-ſtranger they ordain.

Mongſt others who to *Vien* then reſorted,
*Nicholas Turian* (a braue youth) was one;
Moſt of his friends him from the feaſt dehorted,
Yet he from it will be detain'd by none:
Such warnings oft the *Vnknowne-Fate* forerunne,
Yet miſconceiu'd, by thoſe muſt be vndone.

His ſtraying-eyes which wandred euery way,
(Mongſt the rare beauties that aſſembly bred)
Seeking fit ſubiect their rouing to ſtay,
At laſt vnto my firing-lookes were led;
Which with one glance (that *Cupid* fra them preſt)
Dazel'd his ſight, and did his eyes arreſt.

He thinkes he ne're ſuch *Fairneſſe* ſaw beforne,
It did eclipſe the beautie that was by,
As doth the freſh-forth-ſtreaming ruddie *Morne*
Put out the leſſer-lights of *Nighted-skie*,
He thinkes there is not any of ſuch prize,
It inward worth doe outward equalize.

He longs to know, and preſſeth to be neere,
The neerer he his courage did abaſe:
Approch'd he ſpeaks not, ſeems to quake for *Feare*,
He ſhames ſo to be danted in that place:
*Shame* him incourag'd, prick'd him on to proue,
The more my minde was knowne, it more did (moue.

I thought not *Lady* (ſaid he) if in one
The rareſt *Beauties* of the world had beene
By *Nature* plac'd, that that one could haue ſhowne
So great *Perfection* as in you is ſeene:
Whoſe luſtre doth exceed each beautie elſe,
As liuely *Diamond* dull glaſſe excels.

The *Beautie* which you ſpeake of (I replie)
Is pale, but by reflex is fairer made:
If it receiu'd not light by thoſe are by,
It ſhould be vailed with an obſcure ſhade.
Some time thus ſpent in talke he doth depart,
Leauing his freedome with a fettered heart.

Then

Then home he goes with new-bred-thoughts tur-
The lace-ſweet-quiet of his beating brains: (moiling
His heauing heart with bitter anguiſh boiling,
He *Loue* with his effects now entertaines:
He's penſiue, muſing, company abſents,
With frequent ſighes his ſmoldred-fire forth vents.

One of my fathers kindred very neere,
(In whom much truſt my parents did repoſe.)
True friendſhip did to *Turian* indeare,
Secrets were common, he by griquing ſhoes
Perceiues his friends diſtreſſe, demands the cauſe:
*Turian* tels all compeld by *Friendſhip's* lawes.

My kinſman told him who, and how I was
To *Sheretine* by ſolemne oath contracted.
No ſooner *Turian* heard but cries alas,
(By louing frenezie well-nie diſtracted:)
Now ſee I (ſaid he) that the *Fates* pretend
To bring my wretched life to wofull end.

My couſen was aſtoniſh'd that to heare,
Knowing how hard the enterpriſe would be
To vndoe what was done, wils him forbeare,
Inſtantly vrges it letting him ſee
The ſtopping lets, which would his loue diſturbe,
Therefore whiles young, he wiſhes it to curbe.

But he (whom no diſſwaſiue-argument
From that reſolue had force for to withdraw)
Vnwilling heares, to goe on ſtill is bent,
Though likelihood of no good end he ſaw.
*In things difficult* (ſaith he) *worth is ſhowne,*
*By light atchiuements courage is not knowne.*

His friend (whoſe oratorie was in vaine)
Doth condeſcend to aid him to his power:
He vowes to loſe his life, or to obtaine
Helpe for the ill that did his friend deuoure: (ding,
Hence my miſhap, hence had my griefe firſt bree-
Hence my ſucceſſiue-ſorrowes ſtill had feeding.

No more I afterward in publike goe,
(Loth to bewray my *Beautie* to his eies:)
I ſhun all that might trouble or o'rethroe
The order I propos'd to eternize
My conſtant-loue, vnto the *Loue* that hath
My *Hand*, my *Heart*, *Affection* and my *Faith*.

He cannot brooke delay, ſpurres on his friend
To know the iſſue, *Danger's in deferring:*
Though it proue bad, yet beſt to know the end,
*Protraction is the worſt of all loue-erring:*
*To know the worſt of ill is ſome releaſe,*
*Faint Hope, and feuerish feare are food for griefe.*

The

The agent(that his cauſe had vndertaken)
Doth firſt addreſſe himſelfe vnto my mother:
He thinkes if that weake forteretſe were ſhaken,
He with aſſurance may aſſaile another:
With doubtfull ſpeeches he doth trie her minde,
Meaning to proſecute, as ſhe's incli'nde.

He him commends, with beſt praiſe tongue affords,
(Yet in no commendation did belie him:)
He had *Youth, beautie, vertue, winning-words,*
*Behauiour* from *Detracting-hate* to free him:
So well he mou'd, my mother was content,
*Tarsian* (if 't pleas'd him) ſhould her houſe frequẽt.

He ſeekes no more, goes, tels his friend, who's glad,
So ſoone he looked not for free acceſſe:
No more he can forbeare; he came, did ſhade
His deepe *Deſire*, his *Paſſion* did ſuppreſſe:
Acquainted, he comes more then *Complement*
Requir'd, but *Cunning-loue* did cauſe inuent.

He in my fathers good *Opinion* growes,
My mother 'gins him well for to affect:
As time permits his friend his worth out throwes,
With poiſon'd-words, he doth their eares infect:
Himſelfe to me imparteth ſtill his loue,
And languiſheth 'cauſe it did nothing moue.

In

In his pale cheeke the *Lillie* loſeth white,
The red, the roſie-liuerie off did caſt:
His *Fauour* lately that did ſo delight,
With ardour of his hot deſire did waſte,
In inapparant-fire he now conſumes,
His *Beautie* fades, as forward-froſt-nip'd blooms.

I grieue becauſe I cannot helpe his grieuing,
His paine relenting-*Pittie* in me bred:
I doe accompt him worthy of relieuing,
That he deſeru'd to ſpeed if none had ſped.
I blame my *Beautie* 'cauſe it breeds his woe:
I cheriſh it 'cauſe *Sheretine* would ſo.

His friend (perceiuing what ſuch ſignes portend)
Knowes if he ſalue not ſuddenly his ſore,
*Protraction* with a perfect cure muſt end
His woes in death: he doth prouide therefore.
My mother now he plainly doth aſſaile,
And by preferment thinkes for to preuaile.

*Women by Nature are ambitious,*
With *Turian's* titles tickles firſt her eare:
She of her daughters ſtate ſolicitous,
That *Honour* is her aime, doth gladly heare.
He tells to her his riches and his land, (ſtand.
And then for *Wealth* ſhe more then *Worth* doth

*Ab*

*Ah that baſe earth, and baſer excrements*
*(Pluc'd by Nature vnderfoot,) ſhould mone*
*The minde of greedy age with more contents*
*Then Loue, the life of things that's from aboue!*
*Wealth for their* Summum bonum *oft is taken,*
Louing it moſt when it muſt be forſaken.

My ſerpent-ſeduc'd-mother *Eua*-like,
Tempts and intraps my pelfe-affecting ſire:
Iudge ye what penſiue pangs my ſoule did ſtrike,
Seeing *Parents*, *Friends*, and *Furious loue* conſpire
To worke my ruine, and their power bend
To proſtitute my *Faith*, and wrong my friend.

My *Father* with authoritie commands,
My *Mother* with inticing blandiſhment
Allures, for *Turian* my kinſman ſtands,
With kinde perſwaſions, *Turian* doth vent
With ſobs and ſighes his too apparant loue,
All ioyne my faith and fancie to remoue.

Yet I reſiſt: my *Father* 'gins to rage;
How now, you minion muſt you haue your will?
Becomes it you to croſſe vs in our age?
It is thy due our pleaſure to fulfill:
Is this the way for to requite the paine
Which for thy education we haue tane?

Thou

Thou canſt ne're that repay, thou'lt ſtill be debter,
Yet ſtill we trauell to haue thee preter'd:
Wants *Turian* worth? deſerues *He* not thy better?
Reforme thy ſelfe, acknowledge thou haſt er'd.
*The Law diuine* (which you ſo much pretend,)
*Commands thee to thy parents will to bend.*

What though that *Sheretine* be gentle, free?
Yet he hath left thee languiſhing alone:
*Turian* is no leſſe curteous then he,
He flyes not from thee, giues no cauſe of mone.
Had *Sheretine* but halfe ſo dearly lou'd,
He had not from thy ſight ſo farre remou'd.

Nor are their fortunes equall: neere our friends,
Is *Turian's* ſtate, faire lands and ſignories:
*Sheretin's* moſt on doubtfull warre depends,
It is by others ruines he muſt riſe:
Who would ſuch *Worth* with *Certaintie* forgoe,
For *Worth* and *Likelihood*, with faireſt ſhoe?

Then fooliſh laſſe leaue off and condeſcend,
It is my will and I muſt haue it ſo:
My mother followes on, as he doth end,
Ah daughter I beſeech thee by that woe,
By the ſore throbs I did for thee indure,
Whilſt yet vnborne) theſe ſides did thee immure;

By

By theſe lanke breaſts at which thou oft haſt hung,
And locked in mine eies with childiſh toyes,
Ore fallen aſleepe whilſt I haue to thee ſung,
Doe not now ſtriue to ſtop our comming-ioyes,
Who now can be more tender, wiſh thee better,
Then ſhe, whom *Loue* to ſuch kinde worke did ſet (her?

Shalt thou the only pledge of ancient *Loue*,
The ſweet-expected comfort of mine age,
That hoped happineſſe fra me remoue,
Which thy ne're-diſobeying did preſage?
I know thou wilt not deare child, then incline,
Scorne to be his that left for to be thine.

My kinſman vrges, addes to what they ſaid,
*Turian* extols, detracts my *Sheretme*,
Leſſens his meanes, affirmes he is vnſtai'd,
Hath wand'ring-thoughts, if his *Loue* had not beene
Quench'd: with my *Beautie* if he ſtill had burn'd,
He had not gone, or ſooner had return'd.

*Turian* himſelfe (with teares) doth tell his woes,
He needeth not proteſt to moue beleefe:
*Paſſion* is ſoone perceiu'd, his outward ſhoes,
Did well bewray great was his inward griefe,
He doth not fained (for the faſhion) mourne,
As widowes oft, and rich heires at the vrne.

Children

Children obedience to their parents owe,
I grant (said I) but in a lawfull thing;
This is not, you me freely did bestow,
I did submit, fra *Sheretine* to wring
Me now were wrong, in me a foule offence:
To disobey here, is obedience.

*Parents* giue *Being*, noble benefit,
If with't *Content*, if not, better vnborne:
Yet euen the best doth oft-times bring with it
A *Miserie* whereby the minde is torne,
For making children capable of woe,
Must they *Free-choice* the best of bests forgoe.

Our *Mindes* must like, none by *Attorney* louteth,
If *Loue* decay, we cannot grieue by friends:
From *Mariage*, *Loue* *Miserie* remoueth,
On *Loue* all wedlocks happinesse depends.
*'Twixt those is 're-lik'd, what hope is loue will last,*
*Wher 'twixt those dearelieſt lou'd oft falls diſtaſte?*

If *Turian* than he is more noble were,
More vertuous, more rich, of higher degree:
*Sheretine* more meane, more poore, lesse worthy far,
Yet he hath that, that more contenteth me.
*It's not in vs to loue or to deſpiſe,*
*They loue by Fate, whoſe ſoules doe ſimpathiſe.*

I

I grant his *Worth* is worthy of reſpect,
Teares for his griefe, my cheeks haue often ſtaind:
Yet with that *Loue* I cannot him affect,
Wherewith a *Husband* ſhould be entertain'd.
*'Twixt thoſe who wed, if wooing loue be cold,*
*The married-friendſhip can no long time hold.*

Yet doe ſuppoſe I could affect him dearely,
How might I with my *Plighted-Faith* diſpence?
O how my *Conſcience* is touched neerely,
Euen with the thought of ſuch a foule offence.
*How can that proſper, or haue happie end,*
*Which ſinne begins, and ſtill muſt God offend?*

For I cannot be lawfully his wife,
*It's not the act that ties the mariage knot,*
*It is the Will*; then muſt I all my life
Be ſtained with *Inchaſtitie's* foule blot.
O grant me then my choice be either free,
Or an vnſtained Virgin let me die.

All would not doe, my father ſo auſtere
Commands, and muſt not will not be denai'd.
My mother and my kinſman will not heare;
*Turian* ſtill vrgeth, they muſt be obai'd:
O heauen beare witneſſe, ſince you force me do it,
(Say I) my heart doth not conſent vnto it.

Thus

Thus 'gainſt my will I giue my ſelfe away,
They (glad they gained) euery thing doe haſt:
Fearing *Diſturbance* by the ſmalleſt *Stay*,
They thinke them not ſecure till it be paſt.
I to my chamber goe, on bed me threw,
Which my moiſt eies doe ſuddenly bedew.

With theſe complaints I entertaine the *Time*:
Ah muſt I now my *Hoped-ioyes* forgoe?
Muſt *Pleaſure* periſh with me in the prime?
Muſt I be wedded to a laſting-*Woe*?
Muſt I my *Setled-fame* now remoue,
And leaue a lawfull for an vniuſt *Loue*?

Muſt I recall my *Promiſe* freely giuen,
And falſifie my faith vnto my *Friend*?
Is not my *Oath* now regiſtred in heauen?
Is not my *Promiſe* to it's power kend?
Ah, ah, it is, and therefore they decree
To tie my life to laſting miſerie.

Ah *Sheretine*, if thou but now didſt know
In what a caſe thy *Mariana* is:
How ſhe's ſurpriz'd and taken by thy foe,
Left comfortleſſe, debarred of all bliſſe:
Would not *Relenting-pittie* make thy heart
To melt with ſorrow for thy *Sweet-loue's* ſmart?

Free

Free from their forcing to thee ſhall remaine,
Doe what they can, my beſt, moſt noble part,
Which they ſhall want power and skill to gaine,
Reſcru'd for thee ſhall be my *Loue*, my *Heart*.
Farwell deare loue, and as much ioy poſſeſſe,
As doth thy *Marian* vnhappineſſe.

The day is come, we ſolemnly are wed,
That part-diſpleaſing I doe ouerpaſſe:
You eaſily may thinke my heart was ſad,
When forced thus againſt my will I was.
Vaine were their wiſhes, who did bid vs ioy;
Sad griefe my nuptial-pleaſure did deſtroy.

*Caſtalde* in *Hungaria* ariu'd;
*Agria* in haſte commands to fortifie,
A towne of great import, but yet depriu'd
Of naturall ſtrength, or artfull induſtrie.
There was his *Reude-vous*, his men there met,
For *Tranſiluania* forth by *Tyſſ* they ſet.

They in battaillie march *Tibiſcus* paſt,
Till they ariue at ſmall, weake *Debretzen*,
While *Caſtold* with the Frier to meet doth haſt,
A *Diet* held at *Egneth* by the *Queene*.
The *Frier* with craft hinders her enterpriſe,
By feare or flattery makes the Lords to riſe.

The *Dyet* thus diſſolu'd, the *Queenes* deſigne
Is ouerthrowne, vaniſheth to ſmoake:
To *Albeiula* with her ſonne in fine
She doth withdraw; there fearing ſieging ſhoake,
And weaknetſe of the place, to *Suſſebeſſ*
Makes her retrait, which more ſtrong ſited was.

*Albeiula George* beſiegeth ſtrait,
To take it fairely, or to throw it downe,
Is bent; it kept the *Queenes* Iewels and plate.
*The Gowne, the Mantle, Scepter, Shooes & Crowne.*
The Cannon vomiting forth fierie balls,
In diuers places ſhakes the mouldring walls.

With brauer courage then the *Prieſt* expected,
The valiant-beſieged did defend:
To *Caſtald* letters *George* in haſte directed,
Poſt after poſt with diligence doth ſend,
Wills him to ſpeed, yet 'cauſe he ſaw ſmall haſte,
T'accord with *Iſabel* he thinkes it beſt.

Ten thouſand *Spaniards* thither to his aid
Were comming (and now nye) *Fame* did report:
Whereby the *Queene* was troubled, ſore afraid,
Accords with *George* to render in ſuch ſort,
As ſhe might haue her mouables of worth
From *Albeiula* ſafely brought her forth.

The

The *Frier* at *Egneth* with *Caſtalde* meets,
*Albeiula Dalmas* being tane:
With ioyfull-ſemblance one the other greets,
Yet craft and *Iealouſies* in heart retaine.
*Ferdinand's* letters *George* chiefe guider made,
Whereof th'ambitious *Biſhop's* very glad.

To *Saſſebeſſ* they come to finde the *Queene*,
And there ariue at third houre of the night:
Within two daies the Lords they doe conuene,
They ſit in counſell, *Caſtald* to their ſight
Shewes his Commiſſion, wills the *Queene* reſtore
That Prouince as it was agreed before.

He many arg'ments to this end doth vrge,
It was concluded by her late *Lord Iohn:*
The *Turke* (the Chriſtians common foe and ſcourge)
Could not be danted with ſo weake a one.
She held it but with trouble and vnreſt,
At the *Turkes* pleaſure might be diſpoſſeſt.

Not only *Hungary* thereon depends,
But the whole good of all the Chriſtian ſtate,
Her *Power* weake, ſhe wanted helpe of *Friends*,
Vnable his incroching-force to bate:
A mightie *Prince* was meeter him to curbe,
If he the common peace durſt to diſturbe.

To the old offers, he now addeth more,
Th'Infanta *Ioan* to her young ſon *Stephen*
With Crownes a hundred thouſand to her dower,
By *Ferdinand* ſhould faithfully be giuen.
All like this well, all willingly it heare,
And ſend to her this meſſage by the *Frier*.

Whilſt vnreſolued, things thus doubtfull hung,
She with *Caſtald* hath priuate conference:
Bitterly plaineth of the *Prelats* wrong,
Wherewith her *Patience* can no more diſpence:
Conſtrain'd by need, ſhe yeelds to *Ferdinand*,
*George* thereof knowing, ſeekes it to withſtand.

He thinkes if *Setled peace* were ſurely plac'd,
And all the ciuill broiles were fully ceaſt:
His plumes were plucked, he ſhould be diſgrac'd,
Who now is maſt, ſhould be regarded leaſt.
*Often a gold-affecting Prelate proud,*
*For priuate ends hinders a publique good.*

The *Queene* vnto *Caſtalde* him accuſeth,
(Inconſtancie and cunning the did doubt:)
To ratifie th'agreement rather chuſeth,
*Caſtalde* labours how to bring't about:
There is a *Diet* cal'd at *Coloſnar*,
The States from all ſides to it doe repare,

The

The day come, and the Regall ornaments
Produc'd, the *Prieſt* deſires the *Crowne* in keeping:
With ſobs and ſighs her inward ſorrow vents;
*Scorne* and *Diſdaine* detaine her eyes from weeping:
*What, ſhall I to a baſe Frier giue the Crowne,*
*Whereof I diſpoſſeſt my ſelfe and ſonne?*

She ſaid. Then in her hand the *Crowne* ſhe tooke,
In preſence of *Caſtalde* and her *Sonne*,
And all the *Lords*, her eyes teares cannot brooke;
In pearly torrents o're her cheeks they run.
The teares which from her *Sonnes* eyes did diſtill,
Shew'd the ſurrender was againſt his will.

Since froward *Fortune* (that in change delights,
Wherewith her ficklenеſſe infects the world,
Hath vs ſubuerted loaded with deſpights,
And all her miſchiefes on our heads haue hurl'd:)
Makes me this woefull reſignation make,
My *Mates*, thy *Father's* Kingdomes to forſake;

Yet ſhall *thee* not amidſt all theſe annoyes
Let vs but that in this weele take content;
Since we muſt leaue them, that he them inioyes
Who is a Chriſtian; Here I them preſent
To thee *Caſtald* for *Ferdinand*, tell we
Not by conſtraint, but yeeld them to thee free.

Now we ſubmit our ſelues vnto his *Grace*,
With all our fortunes, humbly him intreat
(Since ſprung of princely blood and royall race)
To take ſome pitie of our poore eſtate:
Let not his bounty now denie releeſe,
Nor breach of promiſe adde vnto our griefe.

And thou (ſweet *Iohn*) my deare and tender *ſonne*,
Since now our fortune's not ſufficient
That to repaire, that *malice* hath orethrowne
Without the aide of others: be content;
Midſt of ſuch miſeries, I thought it beſt
With priuate lotſe to gaine a publique reſt.

Like to a *Prince* (though not like to a *King*)
Yet thou maiſt liue with ſome good certaintie,
When *Deſtinie's* diſgrace on *Kings* do bring,
There they gouerne with mutabilitie:
Deare *Childe*, of *friends*, of *aid*, of *hope* forſaken,
For thy repoſe this courſe is vndertaken.

Yet 'mongſt theſe troubles let vs not deſpaire,
Nor doubt but thou art kept for more command;
Thinke it not ſtrange, nor be diſmaid with *care*,
Where thou didſt firſt take breath to leaue that land,
Loue *Vertue*, *Vertues dignitie's ſo great*,
*Fortune cannot debarre it long from ſtate.*

I grant there's cauſe of greeſe, to giue away
This *Crowne* thy fathers temples did adorne,
And if falſe *Fortune* had not put a ſtay,
Had now vpon thy *Kingly head* beene worne:
But now with *Patience* we muſt be content,
*Each ſtate doth change, no kingdome's permanent.*

Thus ſpoke ſhee with ſuch penetrating words,
(And therewith did deliuer vp the *Crowne*)
As they did pierce the hearts of all the Lords,
But chiefly *George*, in teares his eies did drowne.
*Caſtalde* with kinde words ſtriues to appeaſe
Her ſorrow, and to ſwage her ſwelling ſeas.

Within few daies *ſhee* doth from thence depart,
With painfull trauell and in habit poore,
Diſſembling not the anguiſh of her heart,
Shee manifeſts it to her vtmoſt power;
Towards *Caſſonia* ſhee doth take the way,
Where a ſteepe hill inforceth her to ſtay.

The roughneſſe hinders her in Coach to ride,
Shee's faine with labour on her foot to goe,
Her tender *Childe* and Ladies by her ſide,
The only now-copartners of her woe,
Whilſt they'r on foot, a ſudden ſtorme doth riſe,
Black pitchy clouds inuelloping the skyes.

The *Winde* and *raine* them boiſterouſly did beat,
*She* blameth *Fortune* that is not content
To be her oppoſite in matters great,
But euen in trifles, thus her ſpight to vent.
She attributes it to her *Deſtinie*,
That ſhe is ſubiect to ſuch miſerie.

Therefore a little for to eaſe her minde,
Vnder a tree for ſhelter ſhe tooke ſeat:
*Sic fata volunt* carued in it's rinde,
*Regina Iſabella* vnder wrait.
Ah wretched *Queene*, no wonder thou waſt ſorie
To fall ſo low, from ſuch a height of glorie.

She to *Caſſonia* comes, and beares it out
With patience, till *Fortunes* furie's paſt:
With *Time*, her rowling wheele doth come about,
And ſhe is of her countrie repoſſeſt.
*God grant her ſoone her ſtate, and kingdome loſt,*
*Who with more conrage beares it, though more croſt.*

*Caſtalde* hauing what he would obtain'd,
*Lord Iohn Alphonſe Caſtald* with the *Crowne*
He ſends to *Ferdinand*, my *Louer* pain'd,
With lingring-ſtay for *Vien's* ready bowne.
*Caſtalde* (though vnwilling) condeſcends,
Loth for to part at once with two ſuch friends.

In

In iourneying euery houre he thinketh two;
The neerer, he doth thinke the leagues the longer:
His loue increates, and he knowes not how,
The neerer to *Me* his *Desire* is stronger.
Long-look'd for-*Vien* he beholds at last,
Spur'd by *Desire*, he to it hasteth fast.

Thinkes with himselfe, O what a ioyfull greeting
Wil't be when *Marian* sees her *Sheretine*?
How shall we beare our selues at this wish'd meeting?
Can the ioy be expresst we shall be in?
Ah *Sheretine*, how little didst thou know,
How farre from *Ioy* thou wast, how neere to woe.

No sooner *Hee* in *Vien's* come, but heares
The sad newes of the thing he least suspected:
He thinks them Mandrak-sounds, he stops his eares,
He trowes each tongue with poison is infected:
He none beleeues, he thinks that each tongue lies,
Longing to see me, to my home he hies.

He came, in *Turians* armes me looked found,
He could not trust his eies (though still he gazed)
No doubt his heart receiu'd a deadly wound,
Long ere he spoke, he was so much amazed.
At last, *Is this the constancie* (he said)
*Should be heard of?* that spoke, no longer staid.

My

My heart was no leſſe cut with *Care* then his
Becauſe He ſtaid not to heare my excuſe,
I know he deem'd I willing did amiſſe,
Which did more ſorrow in my ſoule infuſe:
Taking no leaue, He faire *Vienna* leaues,
Accompany'd with *Care*-increaſing griefes.

All-woe-begone, He wanders here and there,
Lookes moſt for reſt when furtheſt from reſort,
Submits himſelfe ſolely to ſad *Deſpaire*,
With cheering-comfort He cannot comport:
At laſt He came vnto an obſcure ſhade,
Where mirthleſſe *Melancholy* manſion had.

Low on the ground grew Iſope, Wormewood, Rew,
The mourning mounting trees ware Cypreſſe green,
Whoſe twining tops ſo cloſe together grew,
They all ſeem'd as they but one Bow had beene:
Couering a ſpacious Tombe where curſed *Care*
Her ſelfe had ſepulchriz'd with dire *Deſpaire*.

No wanton Bird there warbled louing layes,
There was no merry *Merle*, *Gold-Finch*, or *Thruſh*;
No other hopping Bird in higher ſprayes,
No mourning *Nightingale* in lower buſh:
The carcaſſe-crauing-*Rauen*, *Night-Craw*, *Owle*,
In this darke groue their hatefull notes did howle.

This

This ſullen ſeat doth ſute well with his ſoule,
There throwes himſelfe downe in the bitter weeds;
His heart did thruſt out ſighs, his tongue condole,
His watring eyes with bitter moiſture ſeeds
These hapleſſe herbes, there 'gins he to lament,
With interrupting ſighs his woes to vent.

Ah curſed *Time* (and there a ſigh him ſtaid)
That e're I ſaw (that ſcarcely he had ſpoken
When that a grone his fainting ſpeech allayd,
With ſuch abound as if his heart had broken;
When ſighes and grones had got ſome little vent,
He 'gins anew his ſorrowes to lament.)

Ah curſed *Time* (ſaid he) that ere I ſaw
The light, and that my Nurſe did not o'rely me;
Ah curſed *Time* that firſt I breath did draw,
Ah curſed *Time*, that did not *Time* deny me:
Ah curſed *Time*! Ah cruell curſed *Time*,
That let me paſſe the ſpringtide of my *Prime*.

Was it for this I was ſo ſung and dandled
Vpon the knee, and watched when I ſlept?
Was it for this I tenderly was handled?
Was it for this I carefully was kept?
Was it for this I was ſo nearly nurſt,
That I of all ſhould be the moſt accurſt?

Did

Did *Fortune* ſmile in my young tender yeares,
To make me better reliſh now my paine?
Then powr'd I out no bitter brinie teares,
That I ſhould now haue ſtore my cheekes to ſtaine?
Did *Fortune* and the *Fates* ſtriue to content me,
That they might now with ſorrow more torment (me?

Did cruell *Loue* yeeld vnto my *Deſire*,
To know his paine by being diſpoſſeſt?
And did my *Marian* with *Loue* conſpire,
Did all agree to rob me of my reſt?
Since it is *Marian's* will, welcome *Deſpaire*,
Farwell all *Ioy*, welcome *Woe*, *Griefe* and *Care*.

Welcome ſince it's her will, now wiſhed *Death*,
Long may ſhe liue, and happie with her choice:
I will wiſh that ſo long as I haue breath,
Nay, euen in death I will therein reioyce.
Deare (though diſloyall) *Thou* art ſtill to me,
So once (if thou not fain'dſt) I was to thee.

If that one ſparke of thy old loue remaine,
When *thou* ſhalt chance my timeleſſe death to heare;
Let that ſo much fauour for me obtaine,
As offer at my hearſe a ſigh, and teare.
And if ſome chance be by when them you ſpend,
And aske the cauſe, ſay *Thou haue loſt a friend*.

Sorrow

Sorrow ſuffers no more, his tongue there ſtaies,
Heart-killing *Care* prepares to ſtop his breath:
His ſtrength and colour by degrees decaies,
*Griefe* ſeemes to grieue, and for his help cals *Death*,
Who much diſpleaſed ſo to ſee him languiſh,
Soone with his ſureſt cure doth helpe his anguiſh.

No ſooner heard I how my deare *Friend* di'd,
(Soon it was known, for his friends had ſought him:)
And that his *deſtinie* was ſo diſcri'd,
That to his timeles death my deeds had broght him:
But that my ill-diuining hapleſſe heart
Was ſuddenly aſſaild with vnſeene ſmart.

Now *Turia* I will no more come nie,
His flattering blandiſhments I now diſdaine:
He is deſpis'd, yet greeueth more to ſee
The miſtriſſe of his ſoule thus ſeaz'd with paine:
He with my ſadneſſe ſuch a conſort beares,
Sighes as I ſigh, doth weepe when I ſhed teares.

Sad *diſcontent* ſo wholly me poſſeſt,
I ſeem'd not ſhe that late I was before:
My woe that was by fits, is an vnreſt
Which with a ſtill increaſe growes euer more.
From mirthfull companie I now abſent,
And melancholie walkes alone frequent.

Thus

Thus many dayes onely heart-killing-*Griefe*
Me ſtill accompany'd, and did attend
With blacke *Deſpaire*, which told me no reliefe
On earth could my leaſt diſcontentment end:
The dayes I ſpent in heauy plaints and monings,
In night I tyre the anſwering-wals with gronings.

Yet neuer could I ſit, or walke, or lye,
But ſtill I thought I ſaw my *Sheretine*,
With pale and meager face ſtanding me by,
With wrathfull looke vpbraiding me of ſin,
Saying his ſoule could yet obtaine no reſt
Amongſt the ſoules in ſweet *Elyzium* bleſt.

Twixt *Feare* and *Loue* my heauy heart diſtract,
Knew neither what to follow, what to flee;
*Loue* bids me for my *Sheretine* to act
A part that might me eaſe and ſet him free;
Perſwades me, and affirmes I ſhall remaine
With my *Loue* after in *Elyzian* Plaine.

Feare 'fore my face makes horrid *Death* appeare
In vgly ſhape ſeazed with ſmarting paine,
Making to tremble as he draweth neere;
Yet I with *Scorne* his *Terrour* doe diſdaine:
*Loue* doth preuaile, I am reſolu'd to flye,
By death to keepe my *Louer* company.

Thus

Thus mourning, on my bed my ſelfe I threw,
Saying, ſweet *Sheretine* behold and ſee,
For thy ſweet ſake I bid the world adew;
And now deare *Loue* I come to liue with *Thee*:
Then out I drew this blood-begored knife,
Therewith to cut the fatall threed of life.

Thrice was my hand heau'd vp to giue the ſtroke,
Thrice downe againe my fearefull hand did fall;
Still feare diſwades, and loue doth ſtill prouoke,
Courage her forces to my heart did call;
Then gaue this deaths wound, whilſt my lateſt cry
Was, *Sheretine, behold thy Mariana dye.*

My *Mother* (with my lateſt ſcrike affrighted,
Come in and finding me in ſuch a guiſe)
With ſudden fright is laſtingly benighted;
Feare-forced-*Death* ſeales vp her aged eyes:
My *Father* rages, his gray haires he tore,
*Turian* (though ſtill) amazed, grieued more.

Puld out the blade, pans'd the bloud-weeping-wound,
Findeth it mortall, ſaw my ſoule depart;
A franticke fury did him deane confound,
He ſtroke himſelfe on ſudden to the heart;
Our bloud doth mixe in death, yet mine would run
From his; what life diſlik'd e'ne death would ſhun.

My

My *Father* now doth finde (though all too late,)
The miserie *Fore'd-marriage* doth insue:
Vnto the poore he gives his whole estate,
The world (with his delights) he bids adue.
He as a Pilgrim from *Vienna* goes;
Where, when, or how he died, yet no man knows.

Then to these fields my sad *Soule* did descend,
With my sweet *Sheretine* abode to make:
But when I came, I found my faithfull friend
With *Caron* passing o're this grisly *Lake*:
For my *Death* had his wronged *Ghost* appeas'd,
So that *He* might passe ouer as he pleas'd.

I followed fast, thinking with *Him* to goe,
That I might still inioy his companie:
But I was stai'd as I before did show
Vntill thy *Muse* should pittie take on me:
And *Now* by thy sweet *Celia's* name once more
I thee coniure, keepe promise past before.

Then backe *She* brought me, and no longer stai'd,
But with more cheerefull lookes did thence depart,
With confidence she could not be denai'd
What she desir'd, for her sake, hath my heart:
For *Celia's* sake my sole-adored-saint,
The world with *Marian's* woes I thus acquaint.

FINIS.

# A Happy Husband:

## OR

# DIRECTIONS FOR A MAID TO CHVSE HER MATE.

Together with

## *A WIVES BEHAVIOVR after Mariage.*

The ſecond Edition.

By PATRICK HANNAY Gent.

PROPER.

*Exemplo junctæ tibi ſint in amore columbæ,*
*Maſculus & totum fœmina coniugium.*

LONDON,
Printed by *Iohn Haviland* for *Nathaniel Butter*, and are to be ſold at his ſhop at S. *Auſtins* gate. 1622.

TO

# THE VERTVOVS AND NOBLE LADY, THE Lady *Margaret Hume*, eldeſt daughter to the Right Honourable *Alexander* Earle *Home*, Baron of *Dunglas*, &c.

*THinking with my ſelfe (Noble Lady) what I might preſent ſome way to expreſſe my loue in remembrance of thoſe not to be requited fauours, which haue wholly obliged me to your Houſe: It came into my minde, that what is offered to Goas, or great ones, ought rather to be apt, then equall: and that it was held abſurd in old time to offer*

# The Epiſtle Dedicatorie.

*an Hecatombe to the Muſes, or an Ivy wreath to the god of Warre. I thought no offering could be more conformable to your vertues then this Husband, which of due doth challenge a maiden-*Mæcenas: *and none ſo fit as your ſelfe, who euen in theſe yeares by your budding vertues, doe well bewray what fruit your riper yeares will produce. Accept it then* (Madam) *as an acknowledgement of what is due by me to your deſeruings, which haue bound me to abide euer yours*

In all dutifull obſeruance,

PATRICK HANNAY.

# TO VVOMEN IN *GENERALL.*

IN things of weight and moment, care and circumſpection are to be vſed, with a truly grounded iudgement before reſolution. Now in humane actions none is of more conſequence then mariage, where error can be but once, and that neuer after remedied. Therefore in it is great caution required before concluſion, the ſequell of ſtaid deliberation, or vnaduiſed rashneſſe, being a happie, or a wretched life. And therein is anothers counſell moſt neceſſarie (though through the whole courſe of mans life it be ſafer then the ſelfe-conceiued:) for affection which in other affaires doth oft ouer-rule reaſon (euen in the wiſe) doth in this euer hide the faults of the affected vnder the blinding veile of loue. This hath cauſed me for the weale of your

## *To Women in generall.*

Sexe to produce this *Husband* to the light, not gaine, or glorie; knowing well the vulgar and criticke cenſurers in this age doe rather detract, then attribute: but I care not much for their opinion: who diſlike, may freely abſtaine: if any giue better, I ſhall willingly aſſent; take it as it is meant, for your good, to diſpleaſe none, and to content all.

*P. Hannay.*

## *To* Ouerburies *Widow, wife of* this Husband.

LEaue worthy Wife to weare your mourning weed,
Or bootleſſe ſtain your cheeks for him that's dead;
But rather ioy, and thanke this Authors pen,
Hath ſo well match'd thee with this matchleſſe man:
For *Ouerburies* Ghoſt is glad to ſee
His widow ſuch ones happie wife to be.

*R. S.*

*To his friend the Author.*

THy happie Husband ſhewes thy high ingine,
Whoſe muſe ſuch method in her meaſures can,
The matter ſhewes thy manners are diuine;
Thy practiz'd vertues ſhewes thou art this Man:
I halte enuie that highly bleſſed Maid,
Whoſe happie lot ſhall be to linke with thee,
And well-nie wiſh that Nature had me made
A woman; ſo I ſuch one's wife might be:
Detraction is diſtraught thy lines to ſee,
And ſweld with enuie, can no words bring forth,
Her baſeneſſe cannot parallel thy worth,
Which ſtill ſhall liue vnto eternitie:
For after Ages reading of thy verſe,
Shall decke with Lawrell thy adored herſe.

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## To his Friend Mr *Patricke Hannay.*

FRiend I am glad that you haue brought to life
A Husband fit for *Ouerburies* Wife;
Whoſe chaſtitie might elſe ſuſpected be,
Wanting too long a Husbands companie:
But now being match'd ſo well by your endeuour,
Shee'll liue a chaſte *Penelope* for euer.
And you braue *Ouerburie* make to be
Your brother in law by act of ingeny.

*W. Iewell.*

## *To the Author.*

WHen I behold the Author and his booke,
With wonder and delight on both I looke;
Both are ſo like, and both deſerue ſo well,
Were I not friend, I in their praiſe would dwell.
But ſince I ſhould ſeeme partiall, I thinke fit
To leaue their praiſes to a better wit:
Yet Husband like to this I wiſh God ſend
To thoſe are chaſte, and to me ſuch a friend.
Liue each in other, be each others praiſe,
Time ſhall not end your glorie with your daies.

*Edward Leuenthorpe.*

# The Argument.

*MAriage ordaind; the man made head,*
*That kinde may be, like like doth breed:*
*God bleſt it; youth it beſt befits:*
*The Author will not trie his wits*
*To make one man of manies parts,*
*Painters doe ſo to ſhew their Arts:*
*His birth and breeding firſt he ſhowes,*
*Equall, and good; the wants of thoſe*
*What ills they breed, yet ſelfe-gain'd glore*
*He doth preferre both theſe before.*
*His ſhape muſt not deformed be,*
*"Nature makes houſe and gueſt agree.*
*His ſtature neither low, nor tall,*
*"The meane in each is beſt of all:*
*Not curious to be counted faire,*
*It's womaniſh to take that care;*
*Free from affecting gifts of others,*
*That ſelfe-weakneſſe ſtill diſcouers.*
*Such one found, then next is ſhowne*
*What vice hee'sd want, what vertue own:;*

*Wealth*

# The Argument.

*Wealth muſt be ſet aſide to trie,*
*(It is a beame in iudgements eie.)*
*What ill doth haunt her Weds for gold,*
*Is told: with the content of old,*
*When vertue and ſimplicitie*
*I id chuſe: then he doth let her ſee*
*The Worthies that the World brought forth,*
*Woo'd ne're for wealth, but ſtill for worth.*
*With vertue this man ſhould be nurſt,*
*If't be deprau'd, he's worſe then firſt:*
*Drunkenneſſe, gaming, he muſt want,*
*He ſhewes what ils ſuch vnthrifts haunt;*
*He muſt not haunt anothers ſheets,*
*With grace, ſoule whore dome neuer meets;*
*He muſt haue ſpent well his time paſt,*
*A wicked crimes bruit long doth laſt:*
*His humours muſt with hers agree,*
*Or elſe true friendſhip cannot be;*
*He muſt feare God, for on that feare*
*Wiſdome doth her building reare,*
*It's that makes honeſt; Honeſtie*
*In ſhew, not deed, is policie.*
*He muſt propoſe a certaine end,*
*Whereto his actions all muſt bend;*

*He*

# The Argument.

*He muſt haue vnfain'd pietie,*
*And ſerue in truth the Deity:*
*The foure chiefe vertues in ſome meaſure,*
*Muſt hoord vp in him their treaſure,*
*Whereon the leſſer doe depend,*
*Age, and behauiour doe him end.*

## Another.

*TO keepe him good, his wife muſt be*
*Obedient, milde, her huſwifery*
*Within doores ſhe muſt tend; her charge*
*Is that at home; his that at large:*
*Shee muſt be carefull: idle wiues*
*Vice workes on, and to ſome ill driues:*
*Not toying, fond, nor yet vnkinde,*
*Not of a weake dieſted minde,*
*Nor yet inſenſible of loſſe,*
*Which doth with care her Husband croſſe:*
*Not iealous, but deſeruing well,*
*Not gadding, newes to know, or tell;*
*Her conuerſation with the beſt,*
*In Husbands heart her thought muſt reſt:*
*Thus if ſhee chuſe, thus vſe her mate,*
*He promiſeth her happie ſtate.*

A

# HAPPY HVSBAND:

OR,

## Directions for a Maide to chooſe her Mate.

IN Paradice *God Mariage* firſt ordain'd,
That lawfully *kind* might be ſo maintain'd;
By it the *Man* is made the *Womans* head,
And *kind* immortalized in their *ſeed*:
For *like* produces *like*, it ſo ſhould be,
God bleſt it with *Increaſe and multiply*.
*Nature* requires it, nothing is more iuſt,
Who were begot, beget of duty muſt.

It *Youth* becomes, *Age* is vnapt to breed,
*Old ſtocks are barren, youthfull plants haue ſeed.*
Then *vertuous Virgin*, ſince ſuch bleſſing ſprings
From *wedlock* (which earths greateſt comfort brings)
Compeld by *loue*, which to thy *worth* is due,
How to chooſe well thy *mate*, I will thee ſhew,
Whoſe ſympathizing-vertues may combine
Your hearts in loue, till death lifes thread vntwine.
It's not my minde the rarities to gleane
Of beſt perfections I haue heard or ſeene;
And take the beſt, where bounty doth abound,
And make a *Husband*, (no where to be found:)
The *Painter* ſo from boyes, and girles did take
Beſt of their beauties, *Helen* faire to make;
No, I will paint thy *mate* in ſuch a hew,
As *Care* may finde: *Diſcretion* muſt allow.
To chooſe aright, know from what *ſtock* he's grown;
The *birth* ſuits beſt, is neereſt to thine owne:
Diſlike makes higher *Birth* deeme lower baſe,
Lower will neuer by thy *Birth* take place:
In *Man* the fault is more to be excus'd,
Who of low *birth* (for *beauty*) hath one chus'd;
His lightneſſe therein euer loue is deem'd,
Yet as *his place*, his *Wife* ſhall be eſteem'd.
But when a *Woman* of a noble race
Doth match with *Man* of farre inferiour place,
Shee cannot him innoble, he is ſtill
In place as ſhee firſt found him, good, or ill:

His

His *breeding* will his *birth* ſtill to thee tell,
" *For as the Caske, the liquor ſtill doth ſmell.*
A Crab, though dig'd & dung'd, cannot bring forth
A luſcious fruit; ſo hardly man of worth
Doth from baſe *ſtocke* proceed: ſtill like it ſelfe
*Nature* produces; force of golden pelfe
To alter that's not able, yet we know
Oft *Men* of worth haue come of *Parents* low:
For Parents place is not the Childrens merit,
Yet it addes grace, if they their worth inherit;
If not, it addes to ſhame: for from *high race*
*Vertue's* expected due to ſuch a place:
*For indegenerate heroicke mindes*
*They ſhould poſſeſſe, are come of noble kindes*:
What mans own worth acquires with virtuous ends,
Is truly his, and not that which deſcends.
*Cicero* brags (and iuſtly) that his *line*
He did in glorious vertue farre out-ſhine,
Which was his honour: They no honour haue,
Who (idle) adde not to what they receiue;
It is his owne worth euery *Man* doth grace,
Leſſe or more eminent, as is his place:
For *Vertue* (though aye cleare) yet cleareſt ſhines
When ſhee doth dart her lights from noble lines.
A glorious flame blazing in valley low,
Is ſoone barr'd ſight, nor doth it farre way ſhow,
Obſcur'd with neighbour obiects: but on hie
A little Beacon to both farre and nie

Shewes

Shewes like a bearded Comet in the Aire,
Admir'd of ſome, of moſt accounted rare.
Chooſe thou a *Husband* equall to thy *race*,
Who's grac'd by *vertue*, and doth *vertue* grace;
" *Things different doe neuer well agree,*
" *True liking lodges in equalitie:*
Better then *birth* his *Parents vertues* know,
" *From poyſon'd ſprings no wholeſome waters flow.*
As for his *ſhape*, I would it ſhould be free
From (*Natures* note of ſpight) *Deformity:*
Deformed *ſhape* is of ſo bad a *nature*,
That it's diſlik'd euen in a noble creature;
Where comely *ſhape* with *loue* attracts the eyes,
By ſecret ſympathie of all it ſees.
*Englands* third *Richard*, and the wife of *Shore*,
The one deform'd, the other grac'd with ſtore
Of bountious *Natures* gifts, doe ſhew th'effects
Of *Loue* and *Hate*, to *good* and *bad* aſpects;
Shee (when ſhee bare-foot with a Taper light,
Did open penance in the peoples ſight)
Went ſo demure, with ſuch a louely face,
That beauty ſeem'd appareld in diſgrace:
But moſt when ſhame ſummon'd the blood too hie,
With native *ſtaines*, her comely *cheekes* to die
In ſcarlet tincture: *Shee* did ſo exceed,
That e'en *diſgrace* in her *delight* did breed;
Firing beholders hearts that came to ſcorne her,
So *Beauty* cloath'd in *baſeneſſe* did adorne her,

That

That e'en the good (who elſe the vice did blame)
Thought ſhee deſerued pitie more then *ſhame:*
Condemning cunning *Richards* cruell minde,
Who caus'd her ſhame, the *multitude* to blinde,
Leſt it his greater miſchiefe ſhould behold,
Which his ambition-plotters had in mold:
So in them was the force of *feature* ſeene,
*Who, if leſſe famous, had more happy beene.*
Thus *Nature* makes each *Body* with the *minde*
Some way to keepe *Decorum*: for we finde
*Mark'd bodies, Manners* crotſe accompany,
Which in well-*ſhap'd* we ſeld, or neuer ſee:
For ſhee doth Builder-like a *Manſion* frame
Fit for the *gueſt* ſhould harbour in the ſame.
No *Stature* chuſe too low, for ſo in time
Thy off-ſpring may proue dwarfes; yet do not clime
To one too tall: *for buildings mounted hie,*
*Their vpper roomes ſeldome well furniſh'd be:*
Herein obſerue the meane, it's beſt of all,
Let him not be obſeru'd for *low* nor *tall.*
Freſh, liuely colours, which faire women grace,
Modeſt, effeminate, alluring face,
Is not ſo much in *Man* to be reſpected,
As other *graces* are to be affected:
The bloome of *Beauty* is a fading flower,
Which *Age* and *Care* conſumeth euery houre;
It blaſted once, is euer after loſt,
Like to a roſe nipt with vnkindly froſt.

A manly face in *Man* is more commended
Then a faire face from *Sun* and *Winde* defended.
A *Carpet Knight*, who makes it his chiefe *care*
To tricke him neatly vp, and doth not ſpare
(Though ſparing) precious time for to deuoure,
(Conſulting with his glaſſe) a tedious houre
Soone flees (ſpent ſo) whiles each irregular haire
His Barbor rectifies, and to ſeeme rare,
His heat-loſt-lockes to thicken cloſely curles,
And curiouſly doth ſet his miſplac'd *purles*;
Powders, perfumes, are then profuſely ſpent,
To rectifie his native naſty ſent:
This forenoones taske perform'd, his way he takes,
And chamber-practis'd crauing, curſies makes
To each he meets; with cringes, and ſcrew'd faces,
(Which his too partiall glaſſe approu'd for graces:)
Then dines, and after courts ſome courtly *dame*,
Or idle buſie-bout miſſpending game;
Then ſuppes, then ſleepes, then riſes for to ſpend
Next day as that before, as t'were the end
For which he came: ſo womaniz'd turn'd Dame,
As place 'mongſt *Ouids* changlings he might claime;
What? Doe not ſuch diſcouer their weake *minde*
(Vnapt for actiue *vertue*) is inclinde
To ſuperficiall things, and can imbrace
But outward *Habits* for internall *Grace*.
*The mindes gifts doe the bodies grace adorne,*
*Where that's defective, to affect is ſcorne:*

For

For *Action's* hinder'd by too much obſeruing
Of decency: but where a well deſeruing
And ſetled *reputation* is; then there
Each thing becomes, and is accounted rare:
Where that's defectiue, ſtriuing to affect
Anothers *worth*, their *weakeneſſe* doth detect.
Let thy Mate be what ſuch doe ſtriue to ſeeme,
Thou muſt the *ſubſtance*, not the *ſhade* eſteeme:
When thou haſt found this well form'd cabinet,
Try what rich Iewels are within it ſet:
Set *wealth* apart, thou ſhalt more clearely ſee
His *Vertues* (*Riches dazell Iudgements Eye.*)
Who weds for *wealth*, ſhe onely *wealth* doth wed,
Not *Man*, which got, and in poſſeſſion had,
*Loue* languiſhes: yet till ones death ſhee's forced
To liue with him; though *wealth* faile, yet diuorced
They cannot be; ſo is ſhe all his life
His riches *Widow* (though ſhe be his *Wife.*)
That golden Age (when ſullen *Saturne* raigned,
For *Vertues* loue, (not *Golds*) the glory gained;
To be ſo ſtil'd, it was not then demanded
How rich in gold, or how that he was landed:
When they did wooe, *ſimplicitie* had wont
Be firſt, which now is laſt, in leaſt account)
With *Vertue leading Loue*, be *Wedlocks* ayme,
And greateſt *wealth*, a pure vnſpotted *name:*
They liu'd and lou'd, then ioying each in other,
Not fearing that their *Mate* ſhould loue another

Seduc'd by tempting *Gold*; their time they ſpent
Free from diſtruſt, or open diſcontent:
But the next Age, when as our mother *Earth*
(Fertile before in voluntarie birth)
Was ſought into, and had her bowels torne
For hidden wealth: then when the keele was worne,
Plowing the *Ocean* for his hidden ſtore,
The ſweet *Content* did vaniſh was before.
The ſilly *Maid* (then ignorant of ill)
Having no *Wealth*, might liue a *Maiden* ſtill,
And die (except ſeduc'd) ſo; the *poore ſwaine*
(Though vertuous) was ſtraight held in diſdaine:
But yet the *Worthies* that the world brought forth
Since that bleſt *Age*, poſtponed *wealth* to *worth*;
Great *Alexander* did diſdaine the offer
Declining *Darius* with his *Child* did proffer,
Nor *Maced's* full of *Gold*, nor *Euphrates* brim,
To bound his Empire, could inuegle him:
But *He* for that rather contemn'd his *Foe*,
For thinking *He* could haue beene conquer'd ſo.
*True worth doth wealth as an addition take,*
*Defective vertues wants of weight to make:*
*Vertue's* beſt *wealth*, wherewith he ſhould be nurſt,
*That ſmell ſtayes long, a veſſell ſeaſons firſt.*
Yet build not there, for good natures deprau'd,
Are ſtill the worſt, ſo thou maiſt be deceiued.
See that he haue ſo ſpent his forepaſt time,
That he be free from cenſure of a *crime*.

*Youths*

*Youth's* apt to ſlip: but a notorious deed
From *Nature*, not from *Age*, doth ſtill proceed;
And though that *Fortune* herein oft hath part,
Yet th'actions ſtill are iudged from the heart.
*Adraſtus* thinking to reuenge the harmes
Of his dead Loue, his naked weapon warmes
In his brothers boſome (too deare bloud to ſpill)
In ſtead of his that did his Lady kill:
Fleeing to *Cræſus*, he him entertain'd,
Where his *behauiour* ſo much credit gain'd,
As *Lydia's* hope, young *Atis*, *Cræſus* heire
He got in charge; whom hunting vnaware
His hapleſſe hand vnfortunately ſlew,
Whiles at a Boare his diſmall Dart he threw:
Yet was it thought *intention*, and not *chance*,
Till being freely pardon'd the offence,
Leſt more diaſt'rous chances ſhould fall out,
His owne ſelfe-ſlaughter cleer'd them of that doubt:
Thus when *opinion* hath poſſeſt the *minde*,
It leaues a deepe impreſſion long behinde;
*And they muſt doe much good, that haue done ill,*
*Ere they be truſted, wer't by fate or will.*
See *Drunkennesſe* (from which all vices ſpring)
Doe no way ſtaine him; for that ſtill doth bring
*Contempt*, *diſgrace*, and *ſhame*: *Cyrce* made ſwine
Of wiſe *Vlyſſes* fellowes, drunke with wine.
The *Macedonian Monarch* (lately nam'd)
Is not for worth ſo prais'd, as for that blam'd;

He in his *drinke* deſtroy'd his deareſt *friend*,
That did 'fore him his Fathers deeds commend:
Nor could his after-teares waſh off that ſtaine
Which doth to blot his actions ſtill remaine:
For if one would his glorious actions ſhow,
How ſtrong, chaſte, valiant, milde to captiu'd foe;
With ſuch braue *deeds* though he the world hath fild,
Yet this ſtill ſtayes, He drunke, deare *Clytus* kild.
No *Gameſter* let him be: for ſuch a *Man*
Shall ſtill be loſer, doe the beſt he can;
His *mind* and *money* it frets, and deſtroyes
And waſts the preecious *time* he here enioyes:
Some in leſſe time vnto ſome *Art* attaine,
Then others ſpend in *Play*; ſomes pleaſing vaine
Will ſeeme ſo milde, in this deare double loſſe,
They outwardly not take it for a croſſe:
But when all's gone (for they but then giue ouer)
Their ſmother'd anguiſh they at laſt diſcouer;
Whereof mans *foe*, the *Fiend* aduantage takes,
Whiles on ſelfe-ſlaughter'd rockes, he gathers wrakes.
Examples hereof we may daily ſee,
How ſome by *halter*, ſome by *poyſon* die;
And who goe not ſo farre, yet their laſt ends
Contemned need, and miſery attends:
*For this ill haunts them, who to play are bent,*
*They ſeldome leaue till their eſtate be ſpent.*
With others ſheeres let him not be acquainted,
*(They are ſtill ſtain'd, whom once that ſin hath tainted)*
And

And neuer hope to haue him true to *thee*,
Who hath oft prei'd on chang'd *varietie*:
*Be ſure who hath had choice, will ne're digeſt*
*To feed on one diſh, (though of ſweeteſt taſte)*
And who ſo ſtraies, loues not, but luſts; in one
Doth *Loue* delight, when that leaues, *Loue* is gone;
For *Grace* and *Luſt* ne're harbour in one Inne,
And where *Luſt* lodges, euer lodgeth *Sinne*:
Which *Sinne* when it is to a *habit* growne,
Not *feare* of *God* (but *Man*, leſt it be knowne)
Doth ſtay the execution: but be ſure
Though the *Act* be hindred, yet the hearts impure,
Whoſe *Luſts* will predomine in time and place,
Not ouer-rul'd by *Gods* preuenting *Grace*.
Beſides, he will be ſtill ſuſpecting thee,
Though thou beeſt pure as ſpotleſſe *Chaſtitie*:
*For vice is euer conuerſant in ill,*
*And guiltie as it ſelfe thinkes others ſtill.*
Vpon this Earth there is no greater *Hell*,
Then with ſuſpecting *Iealouſie* to dwell.
See that his *humors* (as neere as may be)
Doe with each *humor* of thy *minde* agree;
Or elſe *contention*, and *diſſention* ſtill,
Will bar your ſweet content; while the ones *will*
The others doth reſiſt, Loue cannot be
'Twixt *fire* and *water*, they will ne're agree:
True friendſhip muſt expreſſe 'twixt *man* and *wife*,
The *comfort*, *ſtay*, *defence*, and *port* of life,

Is perfect, when two *ſoules* are ſo confus'd,
And plung'd together (which free-will hath chus'd)
As they can neuer ſeuer'd be againe,
But ſtill one compound muſt of both remaine:
From which confuſed mixture, ne're proceeds
Words of good turnes, requitals, helpes of needs;
For it is euer after but one *ſoule*,
Which both their *wils* and *actions* doth controule;
And cannot thanke it ſelfe for the owne deeds.
*(What is done to it ſelfe, no ſelfe-loue breeds:)*
But this holds not where *humors* diſagree,
*There's no concordance in diſparity.*
See he feare *God*, then will he feare to ſinne;
Where *vice* doth leaue, there *Vertue* doth begin:
*Sinne* is nipt in the bud, when we doe minde
That *Gods* all light, and can in darkneſſe finde
What we can hide from *Man*, the reines and heart
He ſearches through, and knowes each hidden part,
And each thought long before; we cannot hide
Our faults from him, nor from his cenſure ſlide.
The *Wiſeman* ſaith, it's *Wiſdomes* firſt degree,
To haue a true feare of the *Deity*;
For that makes *Honeſt*: *Honeſtie's* commended,
Whether ſincere, or for a cloake pretended.
The vulgar *Honeſty*, ſeruant to *Lawes*,
*Cuſtomes*, *Religions*, *Hope* and *feare* it drawes
Be more or leſſe: according to the times
It ſtill is wauering, difference of climes

Makes

Makes it vnequall, rather *Policy*
I may call ſuch *Reſpect*, then *Honeſty*;
Which ſtill aſpiring, quickly oft mounts hie,
And in ſhort time vnto that marke comes nie
At which it aimes: but builded on falſe grounds,
A ſudden fall it vnawares confounds.
But *Honeſty* doth alwaies goe vpright,
With ſetled pace; not wauering for the might
Of *windes*, *times*, nor *occaſions*: it goes ſlow,
But ſtill attaines the end, towards which doth goe.
Now ſuch an *Honeſt man* I wiſh thee finde,
As ſtill is *Honeſt*. out of *Honeſt minde*:
That's *Wiſdomes* firſt ground: next is to propoſe
A certaine forme of life; for euer thoſe
(Who diuers in themſelues) aime at no end,
But as occaſion offers, each way tend,
Neuer attaine thé marke. *If Hawke aſſay*
*To truſſe two Birds, ſhe doth on neither prey:*
Theſe grounds being laid, an vnfain'd *Pietie*
Muſt build thereon, and though that diuers be
*Religions*, *Lawes*; yet ours amongſt them all
Is trueſt, pureſt, moſt authenticall.
*Religion* true, loues *God*, and quiets vs,
And reſts in a *Soule* free and generous:
Where *ſuperſtition* is a franticke error,
A weake *mindes* ſickneſſe, & the owne *Soules* terror:
Religious men doe ſtill feare *God* for *loue*,
The ſuperſtitious, leſt they torments proue.

Let

Let thy Mate be a man, whoſe ſetled faith
In true Religion ſure foundation hath:
For 'twixt thoſe bodies loue doth beſt reſide,
Whoſe ſoules no ſelfe-opinions doe diuide:
The foure chiefe *Vertues* next in order goe,
From which the reſt as from foure fountaines flow;
*Prudence* the firſt place hath, to ſee and chuſe,
Which is ſo needfull, and of ſo great vſe,
That with it weighty things doe ſeeme but light,
Without it nothing can be done of weight;
By it things euen 'gainſt *Nature* are atcheiued,
*A wiſe minde gaines what many hands hath grieued.*
*Iuſt* he muſt be *Himſelfe* firſt to command,
For ſenſuall things at *Reaſons* Law muſt ſtand,
The *Spirits* power keepes the *Paſſions* ſtill in awe,
And ſtrictly bounds them with an auſtere Law,
With *Moderation* it guides our *deſires*,
(We muſt not all condemne) *Nature* requires
To loue things neat and needfull, baſe things hate,
It's *wantonneſſe* to liue too delicate:
But it's meere *madneſſe* to condemne the things
Which needfull *vſe*, and common *cuſtome* brings.
Next, to his *Neighbour* he that right muſt doe
Which he expects, (freely not forc'd thereto;)
Whom Law conſtraines, they falſifie all truſt,
*It's conſcience, not conſtraint that makes men iuſt.*
As iuſt, ſo valiant would I haue him be,
Not out of *raſhneſſe* or *ſtupiditie*,

It

It is a conſtant patient reſolution
Of baſhfulleſſe *Courage* 'gainſt the reuolution
Of times and fortunes: it regards not paines,
Where *Honor* is the Hire, *Glory* the gaines:
It's ſenſible carefull mans ſelfe to ſaue,
Not daring offer *wrong*, more then receiue.
As *Prudent*, *Iuſt*, and *valiant*, ſo he muſt
Be *temperate*, this *vertue* hath foule *luſt*,
And *pleaſure* for it's obiect: it commands,
Laps, and reformes our ſenſuall thoughts; it ſtands
'Twixt a *deſire*, and *dulneſſe* of our narure,
And is the ſpurrer on, or the abater
Of *ill* or *good*, ſhamefaſt in refuſing
Things filthy, honeſt in things comely chuſing;
Though with *perfection* theſe no one man fits,
Yet let him be free from their oppoſits:
He muſt be *ſober*, not giuen to *exceſſe*,
It cures, and keepes in health, *minde* it doth dreſſe;
Making it pure, and capable of good,
It's *Mother*, and good counſell is the *Brood*:
*Exceſſe* doth dull the *Spirits*, and breeds diſeaſe,
So after puniſh'd by what firſt did pleaſe.
*Learn'd* let him be, his learning generall,
Profound in none, yet haue ſome skill in all;
Whoſe deeply learn'd, his *Booke* is moſt his *Wife*,
Conuerſing ſtill with it, ſo of his *Life*
His *Wife* not halfe enioyes, for moſt is ſpent
In ſtudy, ſo what ſhould yeeld moſt content,

*Societies*

*Societie's* debar'd ; I doe wish then
Who are meere Schollars, may liue single men :
*Learning* beſots the weake and feeble *minde* ;
But poliſhes the ſtrong, and well inclin'd :
The one *Vaine-glory* puffes with ſelfe conceit,
The others braine is ſeiled iudgements ſeat.
Then ſo learn'd let him be, as he may chuſe
Flowers of beſt Bookes, whoſe ſweet ſent he *may vſe*
To rectifie his knowledge, and diſtill
From thence life-bleſſing precepts, which ſo will
Temper his vnderſtanding, that the frowne
Of fickle *Fortune* neuer ſhall caſt downe.
Not bold in *ſpeech*, no man of many words
Chuſe thou a *Husband*, leauy tree affords
The ſmalleſt ſtore of fruit : *Both words and deeds*
*Seldome, or neuer from one Man proceeds.*
Who guides his words, he in a word is wiſe :
Yet let him not be ſullenly preciſe,
But gentle, pleaſing, not crabbed, or tart,
The wiſe mans *tongue* is euer in his heart ;
The fooles *heart's* in his *tongue* : *it is great gaine*
*For to be ſilent, and one's ſelfe containe.*
And ſee with whomſoeuer he conuerſe,
(Leſt he be thought ill nurtur'd, or peruerſe)
That he be kinde, obſequious, affable,
To fit himſelfe vnto their humors, able
*To change condition with the time, and place,*
*Is wiſdome, and ſuch levity doth grace :*

So

So *Ariſtippus* each *face*, each *behauiour*
Did ſtill become, and was a gracing fauour.
Chooſe thou a *Husband* older by ſome yeares
Then thou thy ſelfe art, *Man age* better beares
Then *Women*: for bearing of children makes
Their *Strength* decay, ſoone beautie them forſakes:
*Many crops make a field ſoone to be bare,*
*Where that that beares not long continues faire.*
Now *Lady* ſuch a *man* I wiſh you finde,
As here I haue deſcrib'd, with whom to binde
Your ſelfe, is to be bleſt, leading a *life*
*Full of content*, free from contentious *ſtrife*.

*A Wiues behauiour.*

BVt to finde good, is not enough to ſhow,
But hauing found him, how to keepe him ſo;
Then ſince I haue aduis'd you how to chuſe him,
I will giue ſome aduice how you ſhould vſe him.
*Obedience* firſt *thy* will to his muſt fix,
(He is the *Pylot* that muſt gouerne it)
It *may* condemnes of inabilitie,
When *Women* rule, that are borne to obey:
Nor is it *Honor* to *Her*, but a *ſhame*
To be match'd with one onely *man* in *name*:
But if imperious, *He* ſhould more deſire
Then *due reſpect* doth of a *Wife* require;
Thinke not harſh ſtubbornneſſe will ere procure *him*
To be more milde (it rather will obdure *him*.)

The

*The whip and laſh the angry Horſe inrages,*
*Milde voice and gentle ſtroke his ire aſſwages:*
From ſteele-ſtrucke flint we ſee the lightning flies,
But ſtrucke 'gainſt wooll, the flaſhing flame none
Nor is the clangor hard the ones *ſoft nature* (ſpies;
Is to the others *hardneſſe* an abature.
Win thou thy Mate with *mildnes*: for each *croſſe*
Anſwer'd with *anger*, is to both a loſſe;
Like as the *Sea* which 'gainſt a churliſh rocke
Breakes brauing billowes with a boiſtrous ſtroke,
Seeking by raging force to throw on ſands
The ſtiffe reſiſting *rocke*, which vnmou'd ſtands,
Repelling his bold billowes with like ſcorne,
As th'others brauery had bownſt them beforne;
Thus both ſtill ſtriue, and ſtriuing are o'recome,
The *rocke* is worne, the *Billow's* cruſh'd in ſome:
Whereas the *Sea* calmely the *Sand* imbraces,
And with ſmooth forehead louingly it graces:
Being content that it ſhould bound his *ſhore*,
Yeelding to *mildneſſe*, where *force* fail'd before.
So let thy *mildneſſe* winne thy *Husband* to it,
If that doe not, then nothing elſe will doe it:
Beware you (willing) to no anger moue him,
If he perceiue it, he cannot thinke you loue him:
If anger once begin twixt *Man* and *Wife*,
If ſoone not reconcil'd, it turnes to *ſtrife*:
Which ſtill will ſtirre on euery light occaſion,
What might haue ceas'd in ſilence; then perſwaſion

Of

Of friends will hardly end: *for euery iarre*
*Is ominous preſaging life long warre.*
And where two ioyn'd doe iar, their ſtate decayes,
*They goe not forward, who draw diuers wayes,*
*Being yoakt together*: your firſt care muſt be,
That with your *Husband* you in *loue* agree:
As farre from *fondneſſe* be, as from *neglect*,
Mixing *affection* with a ſtaid *reſpect*:
If toying fondneſſe were Mans onely ayme,
Not *reaſon*, but his *luſt* ſhould chuſe his *Dame*;
Where *Whores* laſciuious, that can wayes inuent
Should equalize *thee*, nay, giue more *content*:
No, theſe are not the *loyes* he hopes to finde,
The *Body* not ſo much he weds, as *minde*.
Be neuer fond, nor without cauſe vnkinde,
Theſe are the fruits of an inconſtant minde:
Thou muſt not if his fortunes doe decline,
Be diſcontented, or ſeeme to repine,
But beare a conſtant countenance not diſmaid,
As if you were of *miſery* afraid:
His fortunes you muſt good or bad abide,
With chaines of mutuall loue, together tide.
The loſſe of that which blind-fold *Chance* doth giue,
Cannot a worthy generous minde agrieue:
For it will neuer take it for a croſſe,
Which cannot make one wicked by its loſſe:
Nor by the gaining good, both foole and knaue
Are often rich, if ſuch afflictions haue,

They

They driue them to *deſpaire*: but draw the *wiſe*,
With eleuated thoughts, ſuch things deſpiſe.
*Seneca* ſaith, the *gods* did take delight
To ſee graue *Cato*, with his *Fate* to fight:
O! what ſhould we, whoſe hopes doe higher riſe,
If Heathens thus could worldly things deſpiſe?
*Affliction* oft doth mount the *Wiſer* hie,
*Ioſeph* and *Iob* roſe by *aduerſitie*:
It's ſigne of a weake *minde* to be dejected
For worldly *loſſe*, (ſuch neuer are reſpected)
If thou wouldſt not be irkeſome to thy *mate*,
Be cheerefull, not ſuccumbing with his fate:
Yet if that anguiſh doth afflict his *minde*,
You muſt not ſeeme ſo from the *world* refin'd
As to diſdaine what humane croſſe brings forth,
*Pride* to be ſingular, that is, not *worth*:
Nay, thou muſt be a mirror, to reflect
Thy Husbands minde; for as is his aſpect,
So ſhould be *thine*. Pale *Phœbe* yeelds no light,
When th'interpos'd earth bars hir *Phœbus* light:
But when no obiect intercepts his ſtreames,
Shee deckes her ſelfe with light rebacing beames.
Euen ſo as is thy *Husbands ioy*, or *paine*,
So muſt thy *ioy* and *ſorrow* waxe, or waine:
Be not too curious in his wayes to prie,
*Suſpition* ſtill makes the ſuſpected trie
*Iealouſie's* feare: for why ſhould ſhee ſuſpect
That knowes her ſelfe guiltie of no defect?

If

If he perceiue thee of thy ſelfe deſpaire,
He will thinke ſweeter *ioyes* are otherwhere,
Which thou doſt want; ſo thou thy ſelfe ſhalt giue
The firſt *occaſion* to what may thee grieue:
Thy owne *deſert* muſt *Him* vnto *thee* binde,
*Deſert doth make a ſauage to be kinde:*
It is an Adamantine chaine to knit
Two ſoules ſo faſt, nought can them diſunite;
Where that moſt ſweet *communion* of the *mindes*,
Saue each in other, *no contentment* findes;
And whatſoeuer the one touches neere,
Iealous, the other ne're conceales for *feare*.
*Brutus* his *honor* (dearer pris'd then *life*)
Concredited to *Portia* his *Wife*;
What feare from deareſt *friends* cauſ'd him conceale,
*Worth* and *deſert* made him to *her* reueale
Great *Ceſars* death, and who his conſorts were,
With their deſignes, he did impart to her;
Nor is their birth, or beautie of ſuch might,
To alienate their hearts, or giue delight:
Who had more beautie then that captiu'd Queene,
The faire *Statira*, when in griefe was ſeene
The pearly haile blaſting her beautie fields,
Which *ſeemelineſſe* euen cloath'd in *ſorrow* yeelds;
Being grac'd with modeſtie, and vnſtain'd *faith*,
*More force ſtill faireneſſe with ſuch fellowes hath:*
Yet could not her faire beautie moue the thought
Of *Alexander*, (though leſſe faire haue brought

Oft Captaines to be captiues) nor her ſtate
(Shee being maried) did affection bate:
For then her *Virgin Daughter* yet vnſtain'd,
(Whoſe *beautie* all compariſon diſdain'd,
Going her louely mother ſo before,
As ſhe did all the reſt of *Aſia's* ſhore)
Should quickly haue intangled his *deſire*,
Whoſe heart all one, *Romans loue* did fire:
For if *proportion, colour, wealth*, or *birth*,
Could haue captiu'd the Monarch of the *Earth*;
Theſe ſhould haue won: but he did *Her* preferre,
Whoſe onely merits pleaded *loue* for her.
Deſerue then not in ſhew, but from the heart,
*Loue is perpetuated by deſert*,
As it beſits not Man for to imbrace
Domeſticke charge, ſo it's not *Womans* place
For to be buſied with affaires abroad:
For that weake *ſexe* it is too great a load,
*And it's vnſeemely, and doth both diſgrace,*
*When either doth vſurpe the others place:*
Leaue his to him, and of thine owne take charge,
Care thou at home, and let him care at large:
Thou haſt enough thy ſelfe for to imploy
Within doores, 'bout thy houſe and huſwifery:
Remember that it's ſaid of *Lucrece* chaſte,
When ſome *Dames* wantoniz'd, others tooke reſt,
*Shee* with her Maidens firſt her taske would end,
E're ſhe would ſleepe: ſhe did not idle ſpend

Swift

Swift running *Time*, nor gaue *alluring pleasure*
The least aduantage, to make any seisure
On her rare vertues. *A soule vacant still*
*Is soone seduced to doe good or ill:*
For like *perpetuall motion* is the *minde*,
In *action* still, while to this *flesh* confinde;
(From which foule prison it takes often staines,
*For absolutely good no man remaines.*)
Imploi'd if not 'bout *good*, about some *ill*,
Producing fruits which doe discouer still
How it is labour'd like a fertile field,
Which fruit, or weeds abundantly doth yeeld,
As it is manur'd; be not idle then,
Nor giue vice time to worke vpon thy braine
Imagined *ill:* for what it there conceiues,
It oft brings out, and in *dishonour* leaues:
*The purest things are easiest to be stain'd,*
*And it's soone lost which carefully was gain'd.*
*Penelope* did wheele and distaffe handle,
And her daies worke vndid at night by candle;
Nor labour-forcing *need* compeld that *taske*,
Which toiling daies, and tedious nights did aske:
(For she was *Queene* of *Ithacke*) 'twas her *name*,
Which vertuous *care* kept spotlesse free from *blame*;
One of so many suiters of each sort,
As for her loue did to her Court resort, (staine,
Not speeding; would haue spoke that might her
(*The greatest hate, when loue turnes to disdaine:*)

If colour could haue made their knauery ſtronger,
But *Ennie* could not finde a way to wrong her.
Be thou as theſe, carefull of houſe-wiferie,
With *Prouidence* what's needfull ſtill ſupplie:
Looke thy Maids be not idle, nor yet ſpend
Things waſtingly: for they ſo oft offend,
When careleſſe is the Miſtris; yet with need
Ne're pinch them, nor yet let them e're exceed:
The one doth force them ſeeke thee to betray,
The other makes them wanton, and too gay;
It is no ſhame to looke to euery thing,
The Miſtris eie doth euer *profit bring.*
*Salomon* ſaith, *the good Wife ſeekes for flaxe*
*And woull, wherewith her hands glad trauell takes:*
*Shee's like a ſhip that bringeth bread from farre,*
*Shee riſes e're appeare the morning Starre;*
*Victles her Houſhold, gines her Maidens food,*
*Surueyes, and buyes a field, plants vines, with good*
*Gain'd by her hands: What Merchandize is beſt*
*She can diſcerne, nor doth ſhe goe to reſt*
*When Phœbus hides his head, and barres his ſight,*
*But by her Lampe, her hands doe take delight*
*To touch the wheele and ſpindle; ſhe doth ſtretch*
*Her hand to helpe the poore and needy wretch:*
*Her words are wiſdome, ſhe ore'ſees her traine,*
*That idle none doe eat their bread in vaine;*
*Her children riſe and bleſſe her, ſweet delight*
*Her Husband takes ſtill in her happy ſight.*

Be

Be thou this carefull *Goodwife*, for to lend
Thy helping hand, thy *Husbands* meanes to mend.
Laſt let thy *converſation* be with ſuch,
As foule-mouth'd *malice* can with no *crime* tutch:
I cannot but condemne ſuch as delight
Still to be ſad and ſullen in the ſight
Of their owne *Husbands*, as they were in feare,
*(Sure guiltie of ſome crime ſuch Women are)*
But when they goſſip it with other wiues
Of their owne cut, then they haue merrie liues,
Spending, and plotting how they may deceiue
Their *Husbands*, rule themſelues, and maſtrie haue;
O let ſuch *Women* (for they make-bates be
'Twixt *Man* and *Wife*) neuer conſort with thee:
But ſhunne them, as thou doſt ſee one that's faire
Flee the ſmall poxe; both like infectious are.
The graue, ſtaid, blameleſſe, and religious Dames,
Whoſe *carriage* hath procur'd them honeſt *names*;
Are fit companions, let ſuch be thy Mates,
When wearied with *affaires*, thou recreates
Thy ſelfe with harmleſſe *mirth*: yet doe not walke
Often abroad, that will occaſion talke;
Though thou haſt ſtore of *friends*, yet let none be
(Sauing thy *Husband*) *Counſeller* to *thee*;
Hee's neereſt to *thee*, and it will indeare *him*,
He is thy *ſelfe*: thou needeſt not to feare *him*:
Be free with him, and tell him all thy thought,
It's *He* muſt helpe, when *thou* haſt need of ought;

And conſtantly beleeue he'le loue thee beſt,
When he ſees thou preferr'ſt him 'fore the reſt.
Thus *Lady*, haue I ſhew'd you how to chuſe
A worthy Mate, and how you ſhould him vſe;
So chuſe, ſo vſe; ſo ſhall you all your life
Be in a *Husband* bleſt, he in a *Wife*:
And when *Death* here ſhall end your happy daies,
Your *Soules* ſhall raigne in *Heauen*, on *Earth* your
(praiſe.

FINIS.

# ELEGIES,
## ON THE DEATH OF OVR LATE Soueraigne *QVEENE ANNE.*

*With Epitaphs.*

---

By PATRICK HANNAY Gent.

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The second Edition.

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# To the moſt Noble Prince CHARLES.

*Diſdaine not* Sir, *this offering which I make.*
*Although the* incenſe *ſmoke doth towre ſo blacke*;
*Nor thinke my* fires *faint, 'cauſe they darkly ſhine,*
Tapers burne dimme, are ſet before a ſhrine.
*Some better hap to haue their* firſt *fruit glad,*
*This Cõmon* woe *maſques* mine *in mourning ſhade:*
*And's ſtrange*, You (*ſolely left for* our relieſe)
*For* ſalue, *doe proue a* cor'ſiue *to our* griefe:
*Weigh what it is to adde to thoſe oppreſt,*
*Then by* Your woe, ours *ſhall not be increaſt*:
*I grant, nor* Sonne *nor* Subiect *good, can ſmother*
Griefe, *for ſo* great, *&* good, *a* Queen *&* Mother.
*Yet moderate this* ſorrow; *as* you're ſeene
*To vſe in* Ioy, *ſo vſe in* griefe *a* meane,
*Ore match* thy *matcheleſſe* ſelfe, *that all may ſee*
Her courage, worth *and* loue, *doe liue in* Thee:
*Then may this* pen, *which with* teares *drawes my*
*In gold* Thy *glorious* actions *after* paint. (plaint,

Your Highneſſe moſt humble ſeruant,

*Patrick Hannay.*

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# The firſt Elegie.

AS doth a *Mother*, who before her eyes,
Her *Ages* hope, *her* onely *Sonne* eſpies
Butcher'd, and bathing ſtill in bloudy ſtrands, (ſtands;
Raviſht with ſudden *griefe* amazed
Nor *weepes*, nor *ſighes*, nor lets one *teare* diſtill,
But (with fixt *eye*) ſtill gazeth on *her ill*:
But when with *time her* ſmothered *griefe* forth vents,
*She* waſtes *her eyes* in *teares*, *her breath* in *plaints*:
So *we* aſtoniſht could not tell *our woe*;
*Who doe grieue moſt*, *leaſt ſignes of griefe doe ſhow*,
Yet *time* to thoſe, in *time*, a *time* affords,
To weepe and waile, and ſhew *their woe* in words.
*Time* grant *vs* now this *time*, leſt of *her praiſe*
*Our of-ſpring* hearing, and when *her* ſwift dayes
Had run their courſe, *they* heare none of *our* plaints,
Doe either thinke ſome *Poets* pen *her* paints,

Or

Or that they are of the ſame *ſtones* all ſprung,
Which backward *Pyrrha* and *Deucalion* flung,
So that will ſeeme no fable, but a ſtory,
If *we* doe leaue no witneſſe that *we're* ſorry,
Each ſenſleſſe thing ſhall *vs* vpbraid to *them*,
And as leſſe ſenſible (then *they*) condemne:
Since in each *obiect* offer'd to the *eye*,
Signes of ſad *ſorrow* ſettled *there* we ſee:
The *Heauens* (tho grac'd with *her*) for *Vs* are grieu'd
And weepe in ſhowers for that we are bereau'd
Of *her* ſ in, and for *whom* the *World* was bleſt,
In *whom her* kindes *perfection* did conſiſt.
*Aquarius* ſeemes to haue a ſolemne feaſt,
And that each other *ſigne's* his houſhold gueſt.
Not one of *them* now influence downe powres,
But what diſtils in liquid weeping ſhowres. (weeds,
The *Skies* of *Clowdes* now make them mourning
And generall *darkneſſe* all the *world* o're-ſpreads:
What? hath the *Sunne* for a new *Phaeton*
Abandoned the *Heauens*, and beamie *throne*?
Is the *cauſe* theirs? or doth it touch *vs* nie?
(Since with *their ſorrow we* ſo ſympathie:)
No, it's becauſe our *Cynthia* left this *ſpheare*,
The *world* weares black, becauſe *ſhe* moues not here,
*Her* influence that made *it* freſhly flouriſh,
Leaues *it* to fade, and will no more *it* nouriſh.
Leaues *it*? hath left. How can *it* then ſubſiſt?
Can *that* be ſaid to *be*, which diſpoſſeſt

Of

O *ſoule*, wants *vigor*? this *Queene* was the *ſoule*,
Whoſe *ſeuerties* worlds *frailties* did controule;
Corrected the ill *humors*, and maintain'd
In *it* a wholeſome *concord*, while *ſhe* raign'd:
But now (*ſhe* gone) the *world* ſeemes out of frame,
Subord'nate *paſſions* now as *Princes* clame
*Signorie* o're the *ſoule*, which doe torment
The *whole* with anguiſh; make the *heart* to faint,
Whoſe ſad *infection* generally's ſo ſpred,
*Griefes* Character on euery *brow* is read.
Our *eies* ſo drop (wer't not God frees thoſe *feares*)
The *world* might dread a new *deluge* of *teares*.
Dread? (thus diſtreſt) *we* rather ſhould deſire
With the *worlds* diſſolution to expire
Our lateſt *woes*, 'twere better haue no *being*,
Then liue in *woe*, ſo as *we* are ſtill dying.
Leaue fooliſh *paſſion*, dares thou thus repine
'Gainſt what's enacted by the *powers diuine*?
Humbly ſubmit, yet *paſſion* were a *word*,
Vſeleſſe, a *nothing's* name, *ſpeech* ſhould afford
No place for *it*, if *it* ſhould not now *ſhow*
*It's being* by *our griefning* in this *woe*?
Yet the *woe's* ſhort, which on each *ſoule* hath ſeaz'd,
*It* and the *cauſe* can ne're be equaliz'd:
I will not blaze *her birth*, *deſcent* or *State*,
*Her* Princely *Progenie*, *her* royall *mate*:
They're knowne *beſt*, and *greateſt*, yet theſe are
But accidentall *honours*: but this *ſtarre*

With

With proper *beauties* was ſo reſplendent here,
*Others* (though bright) yet when *ſhe* did appeare,
Did loſe their luſtre: *ſhe* honour'd *her* place,
*Her place* not *her*: *ſhe Queene*, was *Queen's* ſole *grace*.
'Twas *ſhe* the Antique *Poets* ſo admir'd,
When with prophetique furie *they* inſpir'd,
Did faine the heauenly *powers*, they did ſee,
(As in a dreame) that *ſuch a one* ſhould be:
And for each ſeuerall *grace*, *ſhe* ſhould containe,
One *Deitie* they did for *that* ordaine,
Not one for all, for that too much had beene,
To faine *her* like, whoſe *like* was neuer ſeene.
Nor is *their* number equall to *her* merits,
For *ſhe* a farre off was ſhew'd to thoſe *ſpirits*,
Now had *they* liu'd *her vertues* to haue ſeene;
The *Goddeſſes* ſure numberleſſe had beene,
But's well they did not, for then *ſhe* ſhould be
(Though guiltleſſe) yet cauſe of *Idolatrie*,
For *they* who honoured *her ſhade* before,
Seeing *her ſubſtance* needs muſt *it* adore.
The *Moraliſts* did all of *her* diuine,
When *they* made euery *vertue* fœmitine;
And but *they* knew that *ſuch a one* ſhould be,
Doubtleſſe with *them vertue* ſhould haue beene Hs.
Peruſe all ſtories are compil'd by *Man*,
Or *Poets* fictions ſince the *world* began,
You ſhall not finde (*true* or *imaginarie*)
Like *worth* in *one*, whoſe *all's* in nought doth varie.

Nay,

Nay, take the *abiects* in theſe bookes reuil'd
For beſeſt *parts*, ſo vicious and defil'd,
As *they* ſeeme *Natures* monſters, made in ſcorne,
As *foiles*, her other faire *workes* to adorne,
(*Contrar's oppoſ'd doe others beſt ſet forth*)
*They* ſerue not all, to parallel *her worth*.
*They* are deceiu'd, who ſay the *world* decaies,
And ſtill growes worſe and worſe, as old with daies:
For then this *Age* could neuer *that* haue ſhowne
Which was long ſince to *Salomon* vnknowne,
A *woman*: but had *he* liued in our *times*,
*He* might haue found *one* ſo deuoid of crimes,
That *her* owne *merits* (if *merits* could ſaue)
Might iuſtly (as of due) *ſaluation* craue.
I rather thinke the *worlds* firſt *Infancie*,
Growing more perfect with *Antiquitie*,
(As younglings doe) trauel'd till now at height,
Big of *perfection*, brought this *birth* to light:
*This* ſecond to that *Maiden-Mother-Daughter*,
*She* only was before, *this* only after:
For on *this Grace* and *Nature* ſpent ſuch ſtore,
As after *her* we need expect none more,
And thoſe who read *her* praiſe when *we* are gone,
Would thinke *we* but deſcrib'd a *worthy one*,
Not that there was *one ſuch*, but that *ſhe* haue
Left *part* of *her*, *which* and *it's* ſeed ſhall beare
Succeſſiue witneſſe to all doubtfull *ages*,
Of her rare *vertues*, which in thoſe deare *pledges*

Still

Still liue: they'le ſay *our* praiſe came ſhort, *we* dull
With *ſpeech* defective, could not to the full
Set forth *her* worth, which *ſhe* at death did giue:
Others may *goods* not *goodneſſe* off-*ſpring* leaue.
But *ſhe* bequeath'd *her goodneſſe* for *her* merit
Obtain'd *her iſſue* ſhould that *wealth* inherit,
Which *we* poſſeſſe in *them*, while *they* doe preaſe
(As vſurers) that *ſtocke* ſtill to increaſe:
Only ambitious to augment that *ſtore*,
Robbing the *world*, which either is but poore:
Or ſeemes ſo, ſet by *them*, *beggers* may boaſt,
But *they* alone haue all that *wealth* ingroſt:
And though that *God* the worlds *gold* hath refinde,
And tooke the tri'd, *He* left this *veine* behinde,
Pittying the *droſſe* the *luſter* ſhould obſcure,
Of *her* bright *ſoule*, while fleſh did it immure.
Yet did *He* not with it of all bereaue *vs*,
But with *her of-ſpring*, happineſſe did leaue *vs*.
For *her* preferment, why then ſhould *we* toſſe
Our *ſoules* with torment? or griue that *our* loſſe
Hath *Heauen* inrich'd? or 'cauſe *we* held *her* deare,
Wiſh *we her* puniſht, to be liuing here?
*We* rather ſhould reioyce *ſhe* thus did leaue *vs*,
And nought but *Heauen* alone of *her* could reaue *vs*.
O! ſince that *Cedar* fell ſo right at laſt,
Which way *it* ſtanding lean'd, may well be gheſt.
And ſince the *End* doth crowne the *actions* ſtill,
How liued *ſhe*, who dying, di'd ſo well!

For

For askt, if *ſhe* did willing hence depart,
Said, (rapt with heauenly *ioy*) WITH ALL MY HART.
Though *fleſh* be fraile, yet *hers* ſo void of *feare*,
(For *death* did not in *his* owne ſhape appeare)
Did entertaine ſo kindly *it*'s owne *foe*,
(Who came to Court, but vn'wares kild *her* ſo)
As *ſhe* eſteem'd *it* only one hard thruſt
At that ſtrait *gate* by which to *life* we muſt:
*Faith*, *Hope*, and *Loue* poſſeſt *her heart* and *minde*,
Leauing no place for *fearefull thoughts* to finde:
Troupes of white *Angels* did *her* bed impaile,
To tend the *ſoules* flight from the fleſhly gaile,
*It* to conduct vnto that heauenly *throne*,
Which *Chriſt* prepar'd, with glore to crowne *her* on.
O! how my fleſh-clog'd *ſoule* would ſcale the skie,
And leaue that *deare companion* here to lie,
To ſee *her* entertain'd, with *glory* crown'd,
While troupes of *Angels her* ariuall ſound
To that *new kingdome*: *they* all *God* doe praiſe
For *her tranſlation*, and *their* voices raiſe,
In ſigne of *Ioy*, but yet that *Ioy* comes ſhort
Of what *they* make for moſt to *them* reſort,
For, for the greater ſinner, *Chriſt* hath ſaid,
That doth repent, the greater *ioy* is made:
Yet *that's* made vp in *glore*, for *ſhe* ſo farre
Doth thoſe exceed, as *one another ſtarre*:
What may *we* thinke vnto *her ſoule* is ſhowne,
When from *her baſer-part* ſuch *vertue's* flowne

As a ſad reuerent *feare* their *ſenſes* pierce,
Who ſighing ſee *her* ſorrow-ſuted-*Hearſe*:
What would *they* doe, if their vaild *ſoule* could ſpie
*Her* ſitting crown'd aboue the ſtarrie *skie*?
Sure *they* would doe (nay in their hearts *they* doe)
Euen at the thought thereof with *reuerence* bow.
But leaue to ſpeake, nay, not ſo much as thinke,
Leaſt of thoſe *leſſes* which ne're in heart could ſinke.
Lets not enuy'*er*, but inueigh 'gainſt *our Fate*,
That we behinde *her* are ſtaid here ſo late:
And let's not mourne for *her*, that *ſhe's* gone hence,
But for *our ſelues*, that *we* are kept from thence
Whither *ſhe's* gone: yet let no *teare* o're-flow,
*(Sorrow ſoone-ceaſeth that's diſburdened ſo)*
Let them ſtraine inward, if they'le needs diſtill,
And with their drops thy *hearts* ſad *center* fill,
And when *it's* full, *it* can no more containe,
Let the *caske* breake, and drowne *thee* in that *maine*.

# ON THE QVEENE.

THe world's *a* Sea *of* errors, *all muſt paſſe,*
*Where ſhelues and ſands the purling billow blindes:*
Mens bodies *are frail* barks *of brittle* glaſſe,
*Which ſtill are toſs'd with aduerſe* tides *&* windes,
Reaſon's *the* Pylot *that the courſe directs,*
*Which makes the veſſell (as it's height) hold out,*
Paſſions *are partners, a ſtill-iarring-rout:*
Succumbing-thoughts *are life inuading* leakes.
*How built* her body! *ſuch a voyage made;*
*How great* her reaſon! *which ſo rightly ſway'd;*
*How pliant* paſſions! *which ſo well obay'd;*
*How dantles* thoughts, *vaine doubts durſt ne're inuade.*

Her body, reaſon, paſſions, thoughts *did'gree,*
*To make* her life *the* Art *to ſaile this* Sea.

## The Second Elegie.

EAch *Countrie* now contributes to the *Thames*,
Which a ſupport of euerie *currant* clames:
Why doſt thou ſo ſweet *Thames*? Is not thy *ſorrow*
Sufficient for thy *ſelfe*, but *thou* muſt borrow?
Or wants thy *waters* worth for ſuch a *charge*,
As to conduct Great ANNES laſt body'd-*barge*?
Or is it 'cauſe ſo iuſt and kinde *thou* art,
*Thou'lt* not incroach that, wherein each hath part?
Sure that's the *cauſe*; the *loſſe* is generall,
And that laſt *Office* muſt be helpt by *all*.
Yet wonder not *they* come not now ſo ſweet,
As *they* doe vſe, when *they* to ſolace meet:
*They*'re not themſelues, *they* are compounded things,
For euery *one* his lateſt offring brings,
And ſends it by theſe *Brookes*, vnto *Her* Shrine,
Whoſe *waters* with their teares are turned brine:
Each ſubiects cheeke ſuch falling drops diſtaine,
As if to dew, *ſighes* had diſſolu'd the braine:
Which from their *eyes* ſtill in abundance powre,
Like a moiſt haile, or liquid pearly ſhowre:
Which in ſuch haſte, each one another chaſes,
Making ſwift torrents in late torrid places,
Diſgorging in theſe *Brookes*, making them riſe,
So 's ſoueraigne *Thames* almoſt feares a ſurpriſe:

Feare not (faire *Queene*) it is not their *ambition*,
But ſwelling *ſorrow*, that breeds thy *ſuſpition*:
It's *ſorrow* feeds thoſe currents and thoſe rils,
Which thy vaſt channell with an *Ocean* fils,
Which *eye-bred-humor* ſo hath chang'd thy *Nature*,
Thy fiſhes thinke they liue not in thy *water*:
*It*, or *their* taſte is alter'd, for they thinke
For thy ſweet *ſtreames* they briny *liquor* drinke:
How weary'd is thy Siſter famous *Forth*,
Bringing ſad *Scot-land's* ſorrowes from the North;
Who comes not out of dutie, as the reſt
Who vnto *Thames their* carefull courſe adreſt;
*She* comes, *her* equall, will not yeeld in *teares*,
In *ſubiects ſorrow's*, nor in *countries cares*.
Great *Neptune's* ſelfe doth feare inuaſiue wrong,
Seeing *her* ſtrange waues through his *waters* throng;
And cauſeth *Triton* to ſound an alarme,
To warne the *Sea-Gods* in all haſte to arme;
Who bringing billowes in braue battell-ray,
Doe meane *Forth's* fury with their force to ſtay:
But when they ſee *her* thus all wrapt in *woe*,
And the ſad cauſe of *her* iuſt ſorrow know;
*They* lay not their defenſiue armes aſide,
But as a *guard*, *her* through their gulfes do guide;
Striuing with all the pleaſures of the *Maine*,
This grieuing-ſtranger-*Queene* to entertaine,
Out through their bours of cleare tranſparant waues,
*Cryſtalline-wainſcot*, *pearle* the bottome paues:

*Her*

*Her* they conduct, and to abate her *woe*,
*Their Sea-delights* and riches all they ſhow,
Which *Neptune* (now in loue) would gladly giue *her*
For *loue*, yet dares not offer leſt *her* grieue *her*;
*Who loues and would not haue his loue vnkinde,*
*Muſt woue a pleaſant humor, vacant minde:*
This makes him ſtay his ſute, and ſtriue to pleaſe
With all the *loue*-allurements of the Seas:
Yet all doe not ſo much as moue one ſmile,
*An anxious ſorrow ſoone diſcouer'th guile*;
Yet *he* will guide and guard *her* grieuing ſtreames,
Whom at *her* entry in the wiſhed *Thames*
*He* leaues, and vowes in diſcontent to mourne,
Till faireſt *Forth* backe to the *Sea* returne.
*Her* ſiſter *her* receiues with kind embrace,
Their liquid armes claſping, they interlace
In loue ſo ſtraight, they cannot be vnwinde;
*They* ſeeme both *one*, in *body* and in *minde*.
O happy *vnion!* labour'd long in vaine,
Reſeru'd by *God* to *Iames his* ioyfull *raigne*,
And *Annes*; O bleſſed couple ſo eſteem'd
By all fore-knowing *loue*, that *He them* deem'd
Worthy *each other*, and to weare that *Iemme*,
Bleſt *Britaines* now vnited-*Diademe*.
*He* eſteem'd none, worthy to wear't before them,
But kept it ſtill in ſtore, for to decore them.
How did *He* ſuffer thoſe two *Kingdomes* trie
All open *power*, and priuate *policie*;

Yet ſtill increaſed *diſcord*, others *force*
Made *ſeparation* greater, ſu'd *diuorce*.
How did *one* teare the *other*, ſpare no *toyle*,
To bath in bloud the neighbours fertile ſoile;
*Wrath, diſcord, malice, enuy, rapine, ſtrife,*
*Thefts, rapes*, and *murderous miſchiefes* were ſo rife,
None liu'd ſecure, while each *King* did protect
The others fugitiues, (for *his* reſpect)
Thus looking for no reſt, or end of *hate*,
But with the ruine of the aduerſe *State:*
*God, he* effects *it* (that to *him* alone
*We* might aſcribe the *honour*; and being *one*,
*We* might loue better: *Twixt vnited foes,*
*And ſeparated friends. loue and hate growes*
*To greateſt heights:*) And for this end doth raiſe,
*(Vſing the meanes)* the *honour* of *his* daye,
Great IAMES, the *ioy* preſaging Northerne *Starre*,
Whoſe radiant light illuminates ſo farre,
As it doth warme with *its* all-quickning-beames
The frozen-loue betwixt the *Tay* and *Thames*;
With *wonder* and *delight*, drawing all *hearts*
And *eyes*, to loue and ſee *his* Princely *parts*.
And (what is ſtrange) *who* hated moſt before,
With *admiration*, moſt *his worth* adore,
Wiſhing *they* were *his* ſubiects: *He* is King
Alreadie of *their* hearts; the poyſon'd ſting
Of *rancor* is remou'd, for *loue* they call *him*,
And with *their* Kingdomes ornaments inſtall *him*,

Great

Great confidence *his* vertuous life muſt bring,
Whom ſuch old *foes*, *loue* forces make their *King*.
Where was ere heard, of emulating *foes*,
(Rooted in hate with others ouerthrowes
Such and ſo long) that did *their wrath* appeaſe,
And yeeld (won but by *loue*) to *right*, as theſe?
Yet doe *they* not repent, they finde report
Sometime is wrong'd, and may indeed come ſhort
In commendations; yet its rare (as here)
For ſhe's a *woman*, and (by kinde) will beare
More then *ſhe* ſhould: but *his* laſt ſubiects finde
Themſelues with *Saba's Queene* of ſelf-ſame minde,
That *fame* (though ſaying by beliefe) had wrong'd
Two *Kings*, not telling halfe to *each* that long'd;
For *England* heard not, nor could *it* haue thought,
That *Scotlads king* ſuch wonders could haue wrought
Long may *he* liue, and die well, full of yeeres,
And when *his* death ſhall draw *vs* dry with teares,
On *Britaines Throne* may *his ſeed* euer raigne,
Till *Chriſt* doe come (to iudge the world) againe.
Who would haue thought from the *Scot*-hated-*Dane*,
Whom vanquiſh'd *England* ſo much did diſdaine,
(Oppreſt with baſe ſubiection) *they* did turne,
(Being freed) *Lord-dane* to *lurdane* for a ſcorne;
Who would haue thoght (I ſay) frō *Dane* ſhold ſpring
*One*, who from *Scots* and *Engliſh eyes* ſhould wring
Such heartie *teares*; muſt not *her worth* be much,
Since *we* doe finde *its*-loue-effects proue ſuch,

How

How great that *worth* (in *ſuch*, *ſuch loue* could breed)
O let *it* liue for euer in *her ſeed*:
And let that *loue* in *our* hearts neuer *die*,
But euer liue to *her Poſteritie*:
And thoſe ſweet ſtreames *her mate* and *ſhe* combinde
In *loue*, O let their armes be nere vntwinde
From kinde embraces, and though now *their* greetings
Be not ſo ioyfull as at other meetings;
Yet is their *loue* all one, they take one part,
The *one* ioyes not, the *other* ſad at heart:
*They* ſurfeit now in *ſorrow*, then in *pleaſure*;
*Ioy* then exceeds, *griefe* now is aboue meaſure.
To honour *Charles* (our *hope*) when they *met* laſt,
How did *they* rob each *meadow* as they paſt,
Of *ſweetes*, each banke a poſie did beſtow,
Of faireſt *flowers*, that on his brim did grow:
Theſe and ſuch like, *they* brought from euery part,
And gratulations from each *ſubiects* heart:
They ſwel'd with *pride*, riſing in loftie waues,
And all the neighbour bordring bankes out-braues:
Their *fiſhes* frolick'd, ſhewing *ioy* by *geſture*,
The *waters* (wantonizing) woo'd their *Maſter*;
So faſt their billowes 'bout *his* bleſt barge throng'd,
They hurt *themſelues* oft, oft their *fellowes* wrong'd:
*Each* would be firſt, on others backes *ſome* ride,
*Some* vnder others ſlippry ſhoulders ſlide,
Though beat with *oares*, yet will they not turne back,
For they *their* humble proſtrate *homage* make:

The

The *Sun* then guilt each gliſtring-glaſſie-coat,
Thoſe *Marin-maſquers* wore, danc'd 'bout his boat,
Who by the *muſicke* meaſur'd not their paces;
Deaf'd with a confus'd *cry* from diuers places,
Of *maidens*, *matrons*, aged *men*, and *boyes*,
Which from each quarter made a confus'd *noyſe*
Of hearty *Aue's*, welcomming their *Prince*,
*Eccho* (with anſwering tyr'd) was mute ſtill ſince.
The *Citie* with the *ſuburbs* did appeare
Like a large *Theater* when *he* came neare:
Each *window*, *wall*, each *turret top* and *ſteeple*,
Was fild with euery *age*, *ſexe*, *ſort* of *people*:
So as *ſome* thought (who earſt had neuer ſeene
Such numbers) that the *buildings* all had beene
Of *Imagry* contriu'd, by cunning *Art*:
For on the ground, the *Brewer* in his cart,
The *Sculler*, *Carman*, and the *baſer ſort*,
Seem'd ſtrong and rudely caru'd *clownes*, to ſupport
The ſtately frame: *Maides*, *Prentiſes* and *groomes*,
Made *ſhop-doore*, *window ſtale*, and lower *roomes*:
The *batlements*, *houſe-couerings* and the *leads*,
As *tyles* or *ſlates*, yong *boyes* and *girles* ore-ſpreads.
(The middle *roomes* all round about the *Thames*,
Which *Ladies* held, and choiſer *Citie-Dames*)
Such tooke for *ſpaces*, which faire *ſtatues* held,
Where *Carner* and the *Painter* both exceld;
So pure *complexions* theſe ſeem'd made by *Art*,
As *Nature* neuer did the like impart

To

To lonely *youth*; *The large, low, open breaſt,*
*Full, white, round, ſwelling, azure-vain'd, increaſt*
The *error*, for *they* thought none liuing would
Lay out ſuch *parts*, for all *eyes* to behold:
So curious were the *colours* which were ſhowne,
As *Nature* hardly could from *Art* be knowne:
So that *they* could adiudge *them* due to *neither*:
But *participles*, taking part of *either*,
Yet all by *voyce* and *geſture* ſeemed glad,
Wonder it was to ſee a thing looke ſad.
*Now* its not ſo, the *offrings* are but *teares*,
The *ſighes*, and *groanes*, of *Britaines* bleſt-reſt ſheres
Are now the *acclamations*; theſe two *ſtreames*,
Compounded *waters* of mixt *ſorrow* ſeemes;
Yet walke *they* hand in hand with equall pace,
T'wards that late pleaſant, but now penſiue *place*
Where *ſorrow* ſuted in a ſable weed,
Doth with a mourning vaile each *heart* ore-ſpread,
And *Phœbus* for to make the *world* and *minde*
To weare one *liuerie*, all *his* beames confinde,
Dimming each *eye* in darkneſſe of the *night*,
Either aſham'd to mourne in open ſight,
Or loth to alter with *his* brighter *ſtreames*
Our late obſcured *Cynthia's* leſſer gleames;
For *her* fled *ſoule* which doth with *glory* ſhine,
Left with *it's* lodging ſomething that's diuine,
Which with reflection ſmileth on theſe raies,
Which *her* bright *ſoule* now from the *skies diſplays*.

And

And theſe light *orbes* which with ſuch ſwiftnes roule
About the *Heauens*, acquainted with *her ſoule*,
To light *her corps*, doe ſet in euery *porch*
Of the damantine *Heauen*, a ſtarry *torch*,
Which darkned with the weeping *Earths* moiſt va-
Are *her* laſt *lampes* and neuer-dying *tapers*. (pours,
*Thames* trembles, *Forth* doth feuerſe for *feare*,
*Both* roare to ſee *their* ſoueraigne thus appeare:
Their *billowes* breake their *hearts* againſt the *ſhore*,
Their *fiſhes* faint (yet cannot tell wherefore)
But when *they* float vpon the *water* crop,
And ſee the *teares* from *eies* and *Oars* which drop;
*They* thinke them all too few, and adde *their* owne,
And ſwimme in proper *waters* (earſt vnknowne)
The *water-Nymphes* now round about *her* boat,
Cloath'd in ſad ſable mourning habits float,
The *Hamadryads*, and the *Siluans* all
To beare a part in this *complaint they* call.
Who ſince *her* death, had practis'd in *their* teares,
*Streames* deepe enough: *none* now the water feares,
*They* brought with *them* ſweet *Camomile* and *Rew*,
*Mint*, *Spicknard*, *Marioram*, *her* way *they* ſtrew,
With *flowers* of choiceſt *colour* and of *ſent*,
Which from the ſlender-weeping-ſtalke was rent.
*Her Exequies* theſe *Nymphes* together ſing,
Till with this *conſort*, *Heauen* and *Earth* doth ring:
*Heauens inuying our waters, walkes, and woods,*
*Hath reft our ioy, and plac'd her 'mongſt the Gods.*

No

No more *our* wandring *waues* ſhall wantonize,
No more ſhall ſwelling *billowes* braue the *skies*,
No more ſhall purling *Zephyr* curle *our head*;
No more *we'le* foamy-powders thereon ſpread,
No more ſhall now *Meandrian walkes* delight *vs*,
No more *deſpaire* with *death* ſhall now affright *vs*,
*Since heauen enuying our late happie floods*,
*Hath 'reft our ioy, and plac'd her 'mongſt the Gods.*
*Wee'l* take no ſport now to perſue the *Fawne*,
*Wee'l* no more tread light meaſures on the *Lawne*,
*Wee'l* decke *our* heads no mote with *Flora's* flowers,
*Wee'l* wooe no more our woody *Paramours*,
*Wee'l* beare no part hereafter with the *birds*,
*Wee'l* weep for *woe*, and teach *them* waile in words;
*Since heauen enuying our late happy woods*,
*Hath reft our ioy, and plac'd her 'mongſt the Gods.*
*Wee'l* hide *our* heads within our ſhores and ſhelues.
*Wee'l* dwell in darkeſt cypreſſe groues with elues.
No more *wee'l* ſolace in great *Neptunes* hals,
No more *wee'l* dance at *Syluanes* feſtiuals,
*'Becauſe ſhe's gone, whoſe glory grac'd our floods,*
*Becauſe ſhe's gone, who honour'd walkes and woods.*

Thus ſung *they her* along, but come to ſhore,
Where *ſhe* muſt leaue *them*, *they* ne're ſee her more,
*They* ſinke to bottome, either in a ſwone,
Or elſe *themſelues* (now loathing life) to drowne.
The *Forth* and *Thames* loſing *their* ſo lou'd-*ſight*,
Vow, yearely to renew *their woes*, that *night*.

A⁴

# An Epitaph.

POwer *to doe* ill, *and* practiſe *only* good,
Humbleſt *in* hart, higheſt *in* place *&* bloud,
Faireſt, *and* freſt *from looſe-deſires in* thought,
Pleaſures *to tempt, yet not diſtain'd in* ought:
*With anxious* care, *in* courage *we're daiected;*
*Though* cauſe *of* ioy, *with no* vaine-ioy *affected.*
*Know* Reader, *whenſoeve theſe* lines *you ſcan,*
Such *(and none* ſuch *but* ſhe) *was our* Queene (Anne.

# An Epitaph.

*A* Wife, *a* Daughter, Siſter *to a* King,
Mother *to* thoſe, *whoſe hopes doe higher ſpring*,
Chaſte, faire, wiſe, kinde; *firſt*, Crowne-vnited *were*,
*We knew* her *ſuch, and held* her *for no more.*
*That* ſhe *was more*, Gods *daughter and* heauens *heire*,
*We know, ſince parted hence he crown'd her there.*

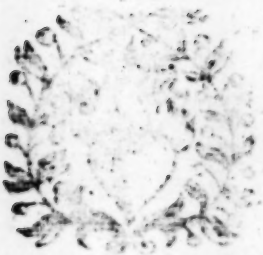
# SONGS and SONNETS.

By *Patricke Hannay* Gent.



LONDON,

Printed by *Iohn Haviland* for *Nathaniel Butter*, and are to be ſold at his ſhop at S. *Auſtins* gate. 1622.



# TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE Sr ANDREVV GRAY KNIGHT, COLONELL of a foot regiment, and Generall of the Artillerie to the high and mightie Prince *Fredericke* King of *Boheme*.

*I of these labours I did vowe direct,*
*Brave sir, to you for offering or for shield,*
*Since you so fatherly did me affect,*
*Whom first you did conduct vnto the field:*
*I vnfitly might be taxed as ingrate,*
*Deservedly your love might turne to hate.*

# The Epiſtle Dedicatorie.

*Let ſhriller Muſquet, Cannon, Culuering,*
*( Parts of thy charge) with the skie-teuring-balls,*
*Which treble baſe meane, tenor rudely ſing*
*To bloudy* Mars, *forcing the dancing walls,*
*Giue place a ſpace while I doe entertaine*
*Your eares with Muſicke of a milder ſtraine,*

*Sterne* Mars *himſelfe hath hath oft-times danc'd a (meaſure,*
*( Armes laid aſide ) his Miſtreſs moſt deare*
*Haue woo'd the* Muſes, *and haue taken pleaſure*
*To tune their owne, and others notes to heare:*
*Thou art a proofe hereof thy ſelfe moſt plaine,*
*Who in their Art haſt had ſo fweet a vaine.*

*To none more aptly can I then direct*
*Theſe lines then thee, who both haſt skill to proue,*
*And worth (more then their errors) to protect,*
*To none I'm ſo indebted for ſuch loue.*
*Accept them as they're ſent with loue ſincere,*
*With kind conſtruction read them whilſt you're (here.*

# The Epiſtle Dedicatorie.

*I know thy haughtie ſpirit much diſdaines*
*This loth'd detention, for I haue beene by*
*When thy* hot *courage well-nie crack'd the raines*
*Of ſtrict command, (when the fierce foe drew nie)*
*That to thy valour freedome was not giuen,*
*Thoſe Popiſh hirelings might by thee be ſhriuen.*

*Nor was it wage or want that ſpurd thee on,*
*No hope of ſpoile nor thirſting after blood:*
*But worth-bred-loue of that rare Paragon, (ſtyled.*
*Thy deare Kings daughter, whoſe cauſe doubtfull*
*Had doubted-*Mansfelt *led, you had your will,*
Pylſen *preuented had thus hapned ill.*

*Yet ſhrinkes* He *not, nor* thou, *you both earne more,*
*(That croſſe your courage rather doth inflame)*
*With ſharpe reuenge the loſt ſtate to reſtore*
*To that moſt worthie, beſt deſeruing Dame,*
*Whom euen her enemies ſo much doe honour,*
*As women's rareſt praiſes they throw on her.*

# The Epistle Dedicatorie.

*There are nine Worthies hitherto of men,*
*But of all women, I not read of any:*
*I know not their, whether she makes them ten,*
*Or of her sexe first number vnto many:*
*In spirit, courage, valour, to those nine*
*She's equall; Women name yet so diuine.*

*Get in* Her *cause, successe crowne thy desires,*
*Soone may I change this sofely tuned song,*
*Inflam'd with new and vnacquainted fires,*
*To sing the* Enemies *reuenged wrong:*
*Oh how I long in high heroicke verse,*
Their *ruine, and* Her *rising to rehearse.*

Euer yours most affectionate in all humble dutie,

PATRICK HANNAY.

# Song 1.

SAd *Sheretine* was ſeiz'd,
And wounded ſo with woe,
Fra *He* faire *Mariana's* faith
Was falſified did know.
Fra time he knew that her
Another did poſſeſſe,
Whom in his heart he had propos'd
His height of happineſſe:
His tongue was ſorrow-tied,
His paſſion inward pent,
His woes no paſſage could procure,
Forth from his heart to vent.

He

Heescarce beleeues it ſo,
Although himſelfe it ſees:
To free her of ſo foule a fault,
He blames his blameleſſe eies:
But when he found her falſe,
Her vowes and oathes vntrue,
As after he could ioy in nought,
He bids the world adue.
His woes to aggrauate,
He cauſes doth inuent,
Though cauſe of care he had enough,
How he might more lament,
A wofull baniſhment
He willing vndertakes:
And comfort-cauſing company
He vtterly forſakes.
In a care-clothed ſhade,
From eie and eare remoued,
He thus with woe begins to waile
The loſſe of his beloued.
Ah *Mariana* ah!
Is thus my loue repai'd?
Doe my fires ſtill ſo freſhly burne:
And are thy flames decai'd?
How conſtant haue I proued?
Though many baits there were
Where I haue beene, yet none had force
My fancie to inſnare.

Nor

Nor ſince thy fauour firſt
Kindled my quenchleſſe fire,
Did I ſee beautie that could breed
A dram of deare deſire;
Or if 'mongſt faireſt faires
I thought one did excell:
My loue was iealous of that thought,
And ſtraight did it repell:
Wherein then did I faile?
My heart doth hold it ſtrange,
That ſeeing I haue lou'd ſo well,
I ſhould finde ſuch a change.
No doubt the gods were grieu'd,
That I did thee adore;
'Cauſe therein I Idolatriz'd,
Haue plagued me therefore.
Yet ſhould not that in thee,
Leaſt alteration mou'd:
It rather ſhould thy loue indear'd,
To be ſo dearely lou'd:
Had'ſt thou with proud diſdaine
My fauour firſt refus'd,
I might haue blam'd my hapleſſe fate,
But not thy crime accus'd.
My loue with time had died:
Or if it ſtill had liu'd,
My care this comfort yet had had,
That I for worth had grieu'd.

Nor

But

But thou by granting loue,
Didſt bring me to ſuch height
Of hoped ioyes, to ſuch a low
Haſt caſt me with deſpight,
That the ſad ſouenance
Of ſuch a loue ſo loſt,
Is now my greateſt cauſe of griefe,
And doth moleſt me moſt.
For if I nere had gain'd,
My griefe had not beene ſuch,
*The once-rich poore man grieueth more*
*Then he that nere was rich.*
Whom Nature with her gifts
'Boue others did indue;
O! that ads woe vnto my woe,
That ſhe ſhould proue vntrue.
If whilſt on bloudy *Mars*
I boldly did attend,
By ſome braue hand had I exhal'd,
Before thy crime was kend,
Then had my wronged Ghoſt
(Not conſcious of this)
With ioy expected thy approach,
To the *Elizian* bliſſe.
Or if it there had grieu'd,
The ſole cauſe of its mone
Had beene left that thou ſhouldſt haue grieu'd
To heare that I was gone.

But

But now me thinks I heare
Thy *Turian* with ſcorne
Vpbraid thy crime as my diſgrace;
Fond *Sheretin's* forlorne.
Me thinks thou ſeconds him,
Not ſenſible thereof;
And thy true louing *Sheretine*
Remembereſt with a ſcoffe.
Another being wrong'd
By ſuch a deepe diſdaine,
Inrag'd might count it greater good
To loſe ſuch then obtaine.
But that the world may ſee,
My firſt fires were not fain'd;
They ſhall not therefore be extinct,
'Cauſe I am thus diſdain'd.
No, *Turian* whom I moſt
Doe hate and leaſt reſpect;
'Cauſe thou doeſt loue and honour him,
I'le honour and affect.
By that (ſtill deare) thou'lt know
By leauing me whats loſt,
If loue diſdain'd can doe ſo much,
What had it nere beene croſt?
But now ſince it's thy will
That I doe ſuffer woe,
I doe endeuour for thy ſake
The greateſt griefe to know.

Beare witneſſe with me woods,
Weeds watered with teares,
How I doe liue deuoid of ioy,
But you ther's none me hears:
Nor ere ſhall more contene
Seize on my heauy heart,
Witneſſe with me while from this clay
My ſad ſoule doe depart.
And *Mariana* faire
My firſt and lateſt loue,
My laſt words ſhall be that the heauens
May bleſſe *Thee* from aboue:
That thou maiſt ſtill inioy
The beſt of ſweet content;
And let my death (ſince loue could not)
Moue *Thee* this fault repent.
That when from hence thou fleet'ſt,
Thy vnafflicted ſpirit
May with of like-fault-guiltleſſe ſoules
A ioyfull peace inherit.
That ſaid he and no more,
But on the bitter weeds
His fleſh forſaken feeble limmes
He languiſhingly ſpreads.
His weary ſoule remoues,
Death ſeiz'd him by degrees;
So true loues Martyr (nor ſo wrong'd
As he deem'd) thus he dies.

*Sonnet*

### Sonnet I.

EIe, beauty, admiration, loue, deſire,
Did ioyne in one to ſet my heart on fire.
My eie did ſee that beauty did ſurpaſſe,
That boundles beauty made me much admire:
With admiration loue conceiued was,
And loue brought forth and nouriſh'd my deſire;
Which now is growne vnto ſo great perfection,
It ſees, admires, conceiues, feeds ſans direction.

### Sonnet II.

EXperienc'd nature in this latter age,
Willing her Maſter-peece ſhould then be wrought
Such my faire *Celia* ſet on earths large ſtage,
As all the Gods in emulation brought;
For they did thinke, if Nature only might
Brag of her worth, ſhe ſhould inſult ore them.
Wherefore they 'greed to haue an equall night,
That they of her perfection part might be claime,
*Pallas* gaue wiſdome, *Iuno* ſtatelineſſe,
And the milde morning gaue her modeſty:
The *Graces* cariage, *Venus* louelineſſe,
And chaſte *Diana* choiſeſt chaſtitie:
Thus heauen and earth their powers did combine
To make her perfect; kind loue make her mine.

### Sonnet III.

WHilſt wandring thoughes vnſetled in deſire,
Did roue at randome in the fields of loue,
Where fancie found faire obiects fit to fire
Froz en affection, choice did choice remoue:
*Cupid* contemn'd taking it much at heart,
For ſpite his dames looſe darling made delight me;
She leauing *Venus* taking *Iuno's* part,
With new chaſt thoughes, & fires 'gins to requite me.
Proud *Cytherea* angrie with her wench,
Seekes in my heart a hate of her to breed,
So blaz'd her faults, which ſoon my fires did quench,
*But Malice ſtill lights on the owners head:*
For this the ill that all her enuie wrought;
It made her chaſte, me author of that thought.

### Sonnet IIII.

ONce early as the ruddy bathfull *Morne*
Did leaue *Dan Phœbus* purple ſtreaming bed,
And did with ſcarlet ſtreames Eaſt-heau'n adorne,
I to my faireſt *Cælia's* chamber ſped:
She Goddeſſe-like ſtood combing of her haire,
Which like a ſable veile did cloath her round,
Her Iuorie coombe was white, her hand more faire:
She ſtraight and tall, her treſſes traild to ground;

Amaz'd

Amaz'd I ſtood, thinking my deare had beene
Turn'd Goddeſſe, euery ſenſe to ſight was gone,
With baſhfull bluſh my blisſe fled I once ſeene,
Left me transformed (as it were) in ſtone.
Yet did I wiſh ſo euer t'haue remain'd,
Had ſhe but ſtay'd, and I my ſight retain'd.

## *Sonnet* V.

WHile I doe Hope my thoughts doe high (aſpire,
In deepe Deſpaire theſe hopes are quickly
Sometimes I burne with an *Etnean* fire : (drown'd;
Sometimes I freeze: I ſwim, ſtraight ſinke to ground.
O ſince ſuch changes in my loue I finde,
Death change my life; or Loue my *Calia's* minde.

## *Sonnet* VI.

*Alluding to Hope.*

HOpe makes the Sea bee plow'd in furrowes (white,
That in the end ſweet gaine may thence ariſe;
Hope makes the toyling Trades-man take delight
To labour ear' and late with watchfull eyes.

Hope makes the Shepheard in the Winter care
To tend his flocke, and lodge them from the cold.
Hope makes the Soldier fight, ſenceleſſe of Feare
'Mongſt hot alarmes; both watch and ward to'hold.

### Sonnet III.

WHilſt wandring thoughts vnſetled in deſire,
Did roſe at randome in the fields of loue,
Where fancie found faire obiects fit to fire
Frozen affection, choice did choice remoue:
*Cupid* contemn'd taking it much at heart,
For ſpite his dames looſe darling made delight me;
She leauing *Venus* taking *Iuno's* part,
With new chaſt thoughts, & fires 'gins to requite me.
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Seekes in my heart a hate of her to breed,
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Did leaue *Dan Phœbus* purple ſtreaming bed,
And did with ſcarlet ſtreames East-heau'n adorne,
I to my faireſt *Celia's* chamber ſped:
She Goddeſſe-like ſtood combing of her haire,
Which like a ſable veile did cloath her round,
Her Ivorie combe was white, her hand more faire:
She ſtraight and tall, her treſſes trail'd to ground;

Amaz'd

Amaz'd I ſtood, thinking my deare had beene
Turn'd Goddeſſe, euery ſenſe to ſight was gone,
With baſhfull bluſh my bliſſe fled I once ſeene,
Left me transformed (as it were) in ſtone.
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Hope makes the Soldier fight, ſenceleſſe of Feare
'Mongſt hot alarmes; both watch and ward to hold.

The Sea-man's hope rich merchandiſe repaies:
The Trades-man's hope is anſwer'd with his hyre,
Yong Lambs and Wooll, the Shepheards charge de-
The Soldiers wage is that he doth require. (frayes,

I doe for *Hope* more then all theſe ſuſtaine,
Yet *Hope* with no reward repaies by paine.

## *Song* II.

*Amantium ire amoris redintegratio eſt.*

*Celia* iealous (leſt I did
In my heart affect another)
Me her company forbid,
*Women cannot paſſion ſmother.*

The dearer loue the more diſdaine,
When truth is with diſtruſt required;
I vow'd (in anger) to abſtaine,
Shee found her fault and me inuired.

I came with intent to chide her
(Cauſe ſhe had true loue abus'd)
Reſolu'd neuer to abide her,
Yet her fault ſhe ſo excus'd,

As it did me more intangle,
Telling, *True loue muſt haue feares*;
They nere lou'd that nere did wrangle,
Louers iarres, but loue indeares.

## Sonnet VII.

WHen as I wake I dreame oft of my *deare*,
And oft am ſerious with her in my ſleepe;
I am oft abſent when I am moſt neare,
And neare when as I greareſt diſtance keepe:
Theſe wonders loue doth worke, but yet I finde
That loue wants power to make my Miſtres kinde.

## Sonnet VIII.

I Lou'd, was loued, and ioy'd in content,
Our ſoules did ſurfet on the ſweets of loue;
While equall heat our hearts affections lent,
Th'one th'other to content did proue.

Thus 'boue the pitch of other hapleſſe wights,
Whoſe ſweets are ſuncke ſtill in a ſea of ſowres,
Our hearts ſwam in the depth of deare delights,
Pleaſures ſeeme paines, not equalizing ours.

But loue's not loue, wherein are no diſaſters,
Time try'd my truſt was by my loue betray'd,
And ſhe (for ſtate) had got for me ſome taſters,
Which louers like not, ſo our loue decay'd.

Though ſhe lou'd others; hereof I may boaſt,
I lou'd, was loued chaſtely firſt and moſt.

## *Sonnet* IX.

*Louer, Miſtreſſe.*

*L.* HEnce looſe alluring lookes, no more of Loue,
No more thy ſeeming vertues ſhal deceiue me.
*M.* Come, come my deareſt, ſpeak not thus to proue
How well I loue; thou think'ſt it doth not grieue me.

*L.* Thy beautie was a bait to drawe mine eye.
*M.* And with thy blinke my heart was ſet on fire.
*L.* I thought to finde a ſuting ſoule in thee.
*M.* Thy loue's the limit that bounds my deſire.

*L.* Thy looſeneſſe makes my loue's date now expire.
*M.* Where then thy vowes? *L.* Gone with thy ſeeming worth.
*M.* And made to me? *L.* No, vertue brought them forth.
Which failing now no fewell feeds my fire.

*M.* My hearts the harbour where thy hopes muſt ſtay.
*L.* Where grounds not good, an anchor dregs away.

*Song*

## Song III.

I Can loue, and loue intirely,
And can proue a conſtant friend:
But I muſt be lou'd as dearely,
And as truly to the end:
For her loue no ſooner ſlaketh,
But my fancie farwell taketh.

I cannot indure delaying,
I muſt haue her quickly won:
Be ſhe nice (though not denaying)
By her leaue I then haue done:
For I am not yet at leaſure,
To dwine for a doubtfull pleaſure.

My eies ſhall not ſtill be wailing,
Where I'm anſwered with neglect:
My hurt is not at her hailing,
Who my paine doth not reſpect:
He's a foole that ſeekes relieuing,
From her glories in his grieuing.

With beautie I will not be blinded,
Yet I will none foule affect:
With wealth I will not be winded,
If in behauiour be defect;
Beautie ſtained ſuch loue dieth,
Wealth decayed ſuch loue flieth.

Gifts doe good, yet he is ſilly
That therein expendeth ſtore,
If he win not, tell me, will he
Not be meerly mock'd therefore?
It is better to be keeping
Then to ſowe not ſure of reaping.

As I would not words be waring
Where there's no aſſurance had;
So I would not gifts be ſparing,
Where I wooe and know ſhall wed.
Giuing ſo is no decreaſing,
I haue hers in her poſſeſſing.

Be ſhe rich, and faire, and gained;
If I fickleneſſe doe finde,
My deſires are quickly wained,
I can ſteere with other winde.
For Vertue, I haue vow'd to chuſe her,
When that failes I will refuſe her.

## *Song* IIII.

NOw doe the Birds in their warbling words welcome the yeare;
While ſugred notes (throats,
they chirrup th'row their
To winne pheare:

Sweetly

Sweetly they breath the wanton loue
That Nature in them warmes:
And each to gaine a Mate doth proue,
With ſweet inchanting charmes.

He ſweetly ſings, and ſtaies the nimble wings
Of her in th'aire,
She houering ſtaies, to heare his louing laies
Which wooe her there:
She becomes willing, hearеs him wooe,
giues eare vnto his ſong:
And doth as *Nature* taught her doe,
Yeelds, ſu'd vnto not long.

But *Celia* ſtaies, ſhe feeds me with delaies,
Heares not my mone:
She knowes the ſmart in time will kill my heart
to liue alone:
Learne of the birds to chuſe thee a pheare,
But not like them to range:
They haue their mate but for a yeare,
But ſweet, let's neuer change.

The *Turtle-dous* let's imitate in loue,
That ſtill loues one:
Deare doe not ſtay, youth quickly flies away,
Then deſir's gone.

Loue is kindeſt, and hath moſt length,
The kiſſes are moſt ſweet,
When it's inioy'd in heat of ſtrength,
Where like affections meet.

## *Sonnet* X.

AS doth *Solſequium* louer of the light,
When *Sol* is abſent locke her golden leaues,
And ſealed mournes, till it regaine his ſight,
Whoſe flaming raies ſoone counteruailes it's griefes.

Far more thy abſence me of reſt bereaues.
The hoped-Morne the Marigold c h cheriſh:
But when my Sunne this bleſt horizon leaues,
Hopeleſſe of light my ioyes in darkneſſe periſh.

Stay then my Sunne, make this thy *Zodiacke*,
And moue, but make my armes to be the ſphere:
Make me thy Weſt, with me thy lodging take,
Moue to my breſt, and make thy ſetting there.

So ſhall I be more glad of thy decline,
Then *Phœbus*-floure when he begins to ſhine.

*Sonnet* V.

### *Song* V.

SEruant farwell; is this my hire,
Doe my deſerts no more require?
No, doe not thinke to cheat me ſo,
I will haue more yet ere you goe.

Thy lou'd-*Idea* I'le arreſt,
And it impriſon in my breſt:
In ſad conceit it there ſhall lie,
My iealous loue ſhall keepe the key.

The drops my wounded heart ſhall bleed,
Shall be food whereon it ſhall feed:
The teares are ſhed when I doe thinke
On thee, ſhall be it's only drinke.

My reſtleſſe thoughts ſhall range about,
My cares ſhall care it come not out:
And when theſe faile their watch to keepe,
I'le chaine it faſt in leaden ſleepe.

Nor thinke it euer ſhall part thence,
Or that I will with it diſpence:
Thy loue alone can me auaile,
Thy ſelfe alone I'le take for baile.

### Sonnet XI.

SWeet is the Roſe and faire, yet who the ſame
Would pluck, may wound his finger with the bri-
So ſweet, ſo faire is my beloued Dame: (er,
Her darting eie wounds thoſe that come her neere.

They both are faire, both ſweet, they both make
The roſe the finger; *Celia* the heart. (ſmart;

### Sonnet XII.

MY loue is ſuch as I can ne're obtaine,
Nor can I thinke which way to eaſe my paine:
If I conceal't, theres no hope of reliefe,
If I bewrai't, ſcorne will increaſe my griefe.
Griefe hid brings ſooneſt death, there help remains,
Reueal'd life lingers, languiſhing in paines:
Since my loues hopeleſſe, and without reliefe,
I ſcorne her ſcorne ſhould adde vnto my griefe:
Therefore my thoughts I'le burie as they riſe,
And ſmother in my ſoule my infant cries:
So haſten death: then if ſhe chance to heare
I died for loue of her I held too deare,
And ſay t'was pittie with her heauenly breath,
That ſhall requite me well euen after death.

Sonnet

### *Sonnet* XIII.

WHen I doe loue, let me a miſtris finde, (cure,
Whoſe hard repulſe doth me ſmal hope pro-
Not yeelding *yeelding-no:* the conſtant minde
Is long in gaining, but obtain'd is ſure:
The Diamond is cut with care and paines,
But being cut, it ſtill one forme retaines.

That which is lightly got is valued leaſt,
The memorie of care ſweetens content:
Moſt feelingly we doe thoſe pleaſures taſte,
That are procur'd with paine, made known by want:
It's better neuer any comfort taſte,
Then reliſh ſorrowes by the pleaſures paſt.

### *Song* VI.

A Maid me lou'd, her loue I not reſpected,
Shee mourn'd, ſhe ſigh'd, nay ſu'd, yet I neg-
Too late too late, alas I now repent, (lected:
For *Cupid* with her loue hath me infected.

As erſt *He* hers, ſo loue my heart now burneth,
As I at her, ſhe laughes at me that mourneth:
Too late too late, alas, I now repent,
Since her diſdained loue to hatred turneth.

On

On her alone doth health and hope rely,
Yet ſtill ſhe ſcornes and doth me loue deny,
Too late, too late, alas I now repent,
Since ſhe ioyes in my death, I for her die.

## *Sonnet* XIV.

THe louing *Lizard* takes ſo much delight
To looke vpon the face of liuing man,
As it ſeemes for to feed euen by the ſight,
And liues by lookes which it inioyeth than.

But when that pleaſing obiect leaues the place,
(As wanting that which only did it cheriſh)
It fainting dies, depriuall of that face
The onely cauſe is why it ſo doth periſh.

Euen ſo my *Celia's* loue hath lately proued,
It ioyd, it liu'd to me, while I was eied
It vigorous was, but I from ſight remoued,
It fainted, ſoone grew weake, and quickly died.

My *Celia's* loue thus prou'd a *Lizard* right,
I ſeene, it liued; It di'd I out of ſight.

### A Paradox.

I Loue my *Loue* the better ſhe doth change,
(Which ſome may chance hold a poſition ſtrange)
Women's extreme, if loue were ſtill at height,
Like euer ſhining ſunne 'tcould not delight.
A ſtill-fruition duls; reſpit releeues:
An intermiſſion ſtill new reliſh giues.
A changing-fauour puffes not vp with pride,
Becauſe vncertaine how long 't ſhall abide.
It lets not languiſh with a long diſdaine,
No ſooner eb'd but it doth flow againe.
Then in my turne I ſhall be well reſpected,
Late fauorits as much ſhall be neglected.
I loue her 'cauſe ſhee's woman (if her minde
Not wauering were, ſhe were none of that kinde)
The more ſhees woman I the more doe loue her,
The more vnconſtant, I more woman proue her.
The more a woman's of a womans minde,
The better, (beſt degener leaſt from kinde:)
The moſt inconſtant they degener leaſt,
The moſt inconſtant therefore are the beſt.
Tha beſt I vow'd to loue, therefore none els
I'le loue but whoſe vnconſtancy excels.

*Sonnet*

### *Sonnet* XV.

WHilſt fortune's fondlings dãdled in her lap,
Swim in the depth of vndeſeru'd deſires,
Careleſſe of croſſe vnmindfull of miſhap,
Still floating higher then their hope aſpires:

Poore hapleſſe I, whoſe hopes ſoard larely higher,
(With promiſe-pens plum'd wᶜʰ nere faile in flight)
Defer'd, diſdain'd, hartleſſe dares not draw nigh her,
My wearied wandring wing can no where light.

And Fortune ſtill the more to ſhew her ſpight,
The nearer that my hope ſeemes to obraine,
With vnexpected croſſes turbes them quite,
Wᶜʰ nigh gain'd good makes me but taſte my pain.

Yet fickle Fortune I diſdaine thy frowne: (downe.
"Baſe mindes thou maiſt, but neuer braue caſt

### *Sonnet* XVI.

THey Fortune much do wrong that cal her blind;
And that ſhe knowes not how to giue her gifts;
That ſhe's vnconſtant, wauering as the wind,
Which in a minute many corners ſhifts.

That

That ſhe delights in nought but turning ſtares,
The miſers raiſing; mighty ones o'rethrowing,
She loues not long, and long ſhe neuer hates,
At randome (as it lights) her gifts beſtowing.

If ſhe were blinde, ſome gift I might haue got
By chance: if louing chance I had riſe higher,
If long to loue or hate inclining not
I once had found her friend; but I will free her.

She ſees, can giue, is conſtant, long can hate,
Too well I know't, ſhe ſtill hath croſt my ſtate.

## Sonnet XVII.

WHen I conſider well how *Cupid* kinde
Firſt did inflame my heart with louing fires,
And did remoue the quiet of my minde,
And for it plac'd wake-rife (yet deare) deſires:

And how the friend I truely did affect
With like ſincerity repaid my loue:
How we did ſtriue each other to reſpect,
And no contention elſe did euer proue:

How

How that our ſoules ſo nearely ſympathiz'd,
We oft did thinke and oft did dreame the ſame,
What one approu'd the other highly priz'd,
What one diſlik'd the others heart did blame.

O how thy enuy *Fortune* makes me wonder,
Whom *Loue* ſo ioynd, thou ſhouldſt haue kept a-(ſunder.

## *Song* VII.

*Horat: Car: lib. 3. Ode 9. ad Lydiam.*

*Ho:* Whilſt I was welcome, & thy chiefe delight,
And no youth elſe more wiſhedly did bring
His armes about thy necke ſo louely white,
I liu'd more happie then the *Perſian* King.

*Ly:* whilſt thou didſt not burn with the loue of other,
And *Lydia* no leſſe grace then *Cloe* found:
*Lydia* was famouſer then any other;
Liu'd more then Roman *Ilia* renoun'd.

*Ho:* But *Thracian Cloe* now commandeth me,
Skild in ſweet Muſicke cunning on the Lute:
For whom I would not be afeard to die,
To ſaue her life, ſo that my death could do't.

*Ly:*

*Ly:* *Calais Ormith's* ſonne with louing fire
Burnes me, and I affect him with like ſtrife:
For whom I willingly would twice expire,
If ſo the Fates would ſpare my younglings life.

*Ho:* What if our ancient loue ſhould come about,
And ioyne vs iarring with a laſting chaine:
Were faire-hair'd *Cloe* fra my hart caſt out,
And caſt off *Lydia* receiu'd againe.

*Ly:* Though *Calais* fairer then a blazing ſtarre,
Lighter then fleeting Corke although you be:
And then the *Adrian* ſea more teaſtie farre,
With thee I'd loue to liue and willing die.

## *Sonnet* XVIII.

WHy doſt thou doubt (deare *Celia*) that my loue,
(Which beautie bred, and vertue ſtil doth nou-(riſh)
That any other obiect can remoue?
Or faint with time? but ſtill more freſhly flouriſh:

No, know thy *Beautie* is of ſuch a force,
The *Fancie* cannot flit that's with it taken:
Thy vertue's ſuch my heart doth hate diuorce
From thy ſweet loue, which nere ſhall be forſaken.

So ſetled is my ſoule in this reſolue,
That firſt the ſtarres from cryſtall skie ſhall fall:
The heauens ſhall loſe their influence, diſſolue,
To the old Chaos ſhall be turn'd this all,

Ere I from thee deare *Celia* remoue,
My true, my conſtant, and my ſincere loue.

*Song* VIII.

WHen curious *Nature* did her cunning trie,
In framing of this faire terreſtriall round:
Her workmanſhip the more to beautifie
With chang'd varietie made it abound,
And oft did place a plot of fertile ground
Fraught with delights, nie to a barren ſoile,
To make the beſt ſeeme better by a foile.

Thus

Thus firſt were made by *Thames* the mothy-meads,
Wearing the liuery of the Summers Queene:
Whoſe flourie robe ore them ſhe freely ſpreads,
With colours more then are in *Iris* ſeene,
And all the ground and hemme of graſſie greene,
Whereon the ſilly ſheepe doe feareleſſe feed,
While on a banke the ſhepheard tunes his reed.

Next ſhadie groues where *Delia* hunteth oft,
And light-foot *Fairies* tripping ſtill doe haunt:
There mirthfull *Muſes* raiſe ſweet notes aloft,
And wanton birds their chaſte loues cheerely chant,
There no delightfull pleaſure ere doth want;
There *Sylvian* with his Satyres doth remaine,
There Nymphs doe loue and are belou'd againe.

This place doth ſeeme an earthly Paradiſe,
Where on fit obiect euery ſenſe may feed;
And fild with dainties that doe thence ariſe,
Or ſuperfluitie helpe others need;
Yet no ſatietie that ſtore doth breed.
For when the ſenſe nigh ſurfets on delight,
New obiects the dull-appetite doe whet.

This place I ſay doth border on a plaine, (ſcorne,
Which Step-dame *Nature* ſeemes t'haue made in
Where hungrie husbandmen haue toild in vaine,
And with the ſhare the barren ſoile haue torne;
Nor did they reſt till riſe of ruddie Morne:
Yet when was come the harueſt of their hopes,
They for their gaine doe gather grainleſſe crops.

It ſeemes of ſtaru'd *Sterilitie* the ſeat,
Where barren downes doe it inuiron round:
Whoſe parched tops in Summer are not wet,
And only are with ſnow in winter crown'd,
Only with barenetſe they doe ſtill abound;
Or if on ſome of them we roughnetſe finde,
It's tawnie-heath badge of the barren rinde.

In midſt of theſe ſtands *Croydon* cloath'd in blacke,
In a low bottome ſinke of all theſe hills:
And is receipt of all the durtie wracke,
Which from their tops ſtill in abundance trils,
The vnpau'd lanes with muddie mire it fills.
If one ſhower fall, or if that bleſſing ſtay,
You may well ſmell, but neuer ſee your way.

For

For neuer doth the flowre-perfumed *Aire*,
Which ſteals choice ſweets from other bleſſed fields,
With panting breaſt take any reſting there:
Nor of that prey a portion to it yeelds,
For thoſe harſh hills his comming either ſhields,
Or elſe his breath infected with their kiſſes,
Cannot inrich it with his fragrant bliſſes.

And thoſe who there inhabit ſuting well
With ſuch a place doe either *Nigro's* ſeeme,
Or harbingers for *Pluto* Prince of hell,
Or his fire-beaters one might rightly deeme,
Their ſight would make a ſoule of hell to dreame,
Beſmeard with ſut, and breathing pitchie ſmoake,
Which (ſaue themſelues) a liuing wight would choke.

Theſe with the demi-gods ſtill diſagreeing,
(As vice with vertue euer is at iarre)
With all who in the pleaſant woods haue being
Doe vndertake an euerlaſting warre,
Cuts downe their groues, and often doe them skarre,
And in a cloſe-pent fire their arbours burne,
While as the *Muſes* can doe nought but mourne.

The other *Syluans* with their ſight affrighted,
Doe flee the place whereas theſe elues reſort,
Shunning the pleaſures which them erſt delighted,
When they behold theſe groomes of *Pluto's* court,
While they doe take their ſpoiles and count it ſport
To ſpoile theſe dainties that them ſo delighted,
And ſee them with their vgly ſhapes affrighted.

To all proud dames I wiſh no greater hell,
Who doe diſdaine of chaſtly profered loue,
Then to that place confin'd there euer dwell; (proue:
That place their prides deare price might iuſtly
For if (which God forbid) my deare ſhould moue
Me not come nie her for to paſſe my troth,
Place her but there and I ſhall keepe mine oath.

## *Sonnet* XIX.

FOnd doubtfull *Hope*, *Reaſon*-deprau'd, falſe fires,
Deceiuing thoghts & plaints prouing but wind:
Ill grounded griefe, ſpringing from vaine deſires,
Haue led me in a maze of *error* blinde.

But

But *Thou* whoſe eie ſurueies this earthly ball,
And ſees our actions ere they be begunne:
High and Eternall *mouer* of this *all*,
Whoſe mercie doth mans miſery fore-runne:

Now in the right way turne my wandring heart,
Teach me to be bid farewell to *fond deſire*.
Deceiuing *Error* and *Vaine-ioy* depart,
With thy *all-quickning ſpirit* my *ſoule* inſpire.

Grant Lord I may redeeme my miſ-ſpent time,
And (if I ſing) to thee I praiſe may chime.

## *Song* IX.

O How my *ſin-cloyd-ſoule* would ſoare aloft,
And ſcale the cryſtall-skie to ſeeke remed,
But that foule *Sinne* (wherewith I ſtaine it oft,
Makes it to ſinke through doubt of my miſdeed:
In ſcroule of *guilty-conſcience* I reed
The rufull legend of my paſſed life,
The thought whereof maketh my heart to bleed,
Finding my ſoule offences are ſo rife.

*Feare* makes me faint to finde ſuch, and ſo many
As there are ranked in that ragged roule:
*Deſpair:* doth ſay there was nere ſuch in any,
Weeping cannot them waſh nor heart condole.
*Gods wrath* and *Iuſtice* ſheweth to my *ſoule*,
For euery ſinne that muſt be ſatisfi'd:
What will become of *me* with ſuch a ſcroule,
Since *Death* the wage of *ſinne* is ſure decreed.

Neuer to *blooming-virgin* trueſt Mirror,
Did repreſent *beauty* with more *delight*
Then ſubtill *Sathan* with affrighting-terror,
My *guiltineſſe* doth ſhew me with deſpight.
What erſt as trifles ſeemed to my ſight
Now are death-worthy; my late-liking ſin
Is now diſpleaſing; and would barre me quite
All hope of helpe, ſince ſuch I wallowed in.

*Hope* to my heart my *Sauiour* doth preſent,
With all his *Paſſions* prou'd for ſinners ſake,
Yet none but hee that doth from heart repent,
Can vſe of that great *ſatisfaction* make:

I hold of him by a firme-*faith* muſt take,
And all his *ſufferings* to my ſelfe applie:
If *penitence* want not, nor *Faith* be weake,
Of *Heauen* I know he cannot me denie.

But where's *Repentance* for ſo foule a *ſtaine*?
Why ſtint you *Eies* continually to ſhower?
The humid liquor of your moiſtning-raine
Doth make to ſprout the faire *Repenting-flower*.
Giue *teares* no reſpite, nor no truce an houre,
And ſince with *wandring-lookes* you did offend:
With ſtill-diſtilling-drops your Canker skowre,
With *coming-care* your paſſed ſcapes amend.

Ah hapleſſe *heart*, why rend'ſt not with *remorſe*?
For quicke conceiuing what the *fleſh* hath wrought:
Haſt *thou* (depraued) bent to ill thy force?
And knowes thy *Maker* thy moſt ſecret thought?
And wilt *thou* yet be negligent in ought
*Thee* may reclame, or with contrition wound?
Bleed, bleed to think that who ſo deare thee bought,
Thou'ſt crucifi'd againe, with thornes haſt crown'd.

And

And thou frail *flesh* shame not now to begin,
*Thee* to submit to the *reforming spirit*:
Thinke of the by-waies thou hast wandred in,
Which lead to *hell* and *death*, deserued merit.
Why art *Thou* proud? *Thou* canst not heauen inherit,
Lie downe in dust, doe no workes of thine owne,
But what the *soule* commands oh willing heare it,
By *thy* obedience let *its* rule be knowne.

But *Lord* without thy sweet *assisting grace*,
I can doe nought, all my attempts are vaine:
I cannot come without thou call alas,
Grant *me* this *grace*, and bring me home againe;
Let *thy* bleft *Spirit*, *Faith*, *Hope*, and *Loue* remaine
Still in my *soule*: the *flesh*, the *world* and *Deuill*,
Depriue of power; let *them* no more raigne,
Or if *they* tempt, deliuer *me* from euill.

*Thou*'rt not desirous that a sinner die,
But that *He* may repent his sinnes and liue:
*Thou* bidst the heauie laden come to thee,
And *Thou* wilt ease the weight that doth *him* grieue.
*Thou*

*Thou* bidſt him knocke, and *thou* wilt ope the leaue
Of that ſtrict gate that leadeth vnto bliſſe;
Grant I repent, doe come, doe knocke, receaue
*Life, lightning*, entrance where no anguiſh is.

Lord grant me grace *my comming*-daies to numbre,
*To wiſdome* then I ſhall my heart applie:
Rowſe me out of this *lethargie* and *ſlumber*,
Of *ſinne* and *ſlouth* wherein I now doe lie.
*Sinners* (that ſeeing) ſoone ſhall draw thee nie,
Shūning baſe thoughts, their *ſoules* to thee ſhall raiſe,
And with a ſweet conſort ſhall pierce the skies,
Of *thy* great *mercie*, and eternall praiſe.

## *Sonnet* XX.

O *Father-God* who by thy *word* didſt make
The Azurd-vault, and all the hoſt of heauen,
The hils, vales, plaines, freſh ſtreams, & brinie lake,
And vnto each inhabitants haſt giuen:

*O Word* which (for our ſakes) did'ſt fleſh become,
With ſinners to purge ſinne had'ſt habitation:
Crimeles accus'd, condemn'd, the croſſe thy doome,
Suffredſt Death, Buriall, roſe for our ſaluation.

O *Holy Ghoſt* which doſt from *both* proceed,
Sweet *ſoule-inſpiring-ſpirit* with *peace* and *loue*:
Comfort to all, caſt downe for ſinfull deed,
Leſſening their *woes* with *hopes* of *Heauen* aboue.

O *Trinall-one*, one *God* and *Perſons* three,
Reforme my waies, and draw me vnto *Thee*.

FINIS.

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# With the rare Portrait of the Author: and, that of Queen Anne, of Denmark, his Patroness; not belonging to the Book. — J. B. 1788.

B.39.L.26.

BRITISH
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*Danorum Regis Friderici quarta secundi,*
*Quam Sophia in lucem ter veneranda tulit:*
*Te sibi connubio iunxit, tum sceptra Scotorum,*
*Nunc etiam Anglorum qui diadema tenet*
*Sors haec unde tibi? superas virtutibus annos,*
*Sexum animis, morum nobilitate genus.*

Crisp. de Pass. et gread. C.

Matth. Quadt.

# THE NIGHTINGALE Sheretine and Mariana.

A happy Husband.

Elegies on the death of Queene Anne.

Songs and Sonnets by PATRICK HANEY gent.

LONDON printed for Nathaniel Butter


BRITISH MUSEUM

# TO THE MOST illustrious Princesse FRANCIS Dutchesse of *Lenox*, Countesse of HERTFORD and *Richmond*.



*Sweet Philomela's long concealed woe,*
*From darke oblivion now I bring to light;*
*That (though it helpe her not) the world may know,*
*The cause she sobbeth out her notes by night:*
*Which to you (greatest Lady) I present,*
*Fruit of some houres I with the Muses spent.*

*It is well knowne honour hath beene had*
*By Patronizing of a worke of worth,*
*Whilst skilfull Art did cunningly o're-shade*
*The Patrones weaknesse, and his praise point forth:*
*Here it's not so, my work meane, your worth main,*
*Hereby I honour may, you none attaine.*

# The Epiſtle Dedicatorie.

*For ſuch are you, whom Nature, beautie, grace,*
*So faire hath fram'd, adorn'd, ſo well indu'd:*
*As if thoſe three contended had to place*
*In you perfection, which their ſtore hath ſhew'd:*
*With whom vertue hath ioyn'd & mak'ſt appeare,*
*Deſeruedly you moue firſt in this ſphere.*

*So as thou canſt not by a learn'der quill*
*Be honour'd, or receiue an equall praiſe*
*Vnto thy merits, they each preſſe ſhould fill,*
*Should goe about with words thy worth to raiſe:*
*In it I'le reſt: thy name which doth adorne*
*This frontiſpice, is my birds Aprill morne,*

*If that your Grace doe but my labours grace,*
*Each Lady's lodging ſhall a groue be thought:*
*The Nightingale ſhall ſing in euery place;*
*Nay, thereby ſhall a miracle be wrought:*
*For if you but my* Philomela *cheare,*
*Her ſinging-ſpring-tide ſhall laſt all the yeare.*

Euer moſt humbly deuoted to
your Graces ſeruice,

PATRICK HANNAY.

# To his friend the Author.

*LEt thoſe that ſtudie how to praiſe a friend,*
*Or ſeeke to flatter him beyond deſert,*
*Shake hands with me, for I haue no ſuch end,*
*That befits him that hath a fawning hart:*
*I only care to let the Author know*
*I loue him, and his booke for vertues ſake:*
*His worke, his worth vnto the world doth ſhow,*
*Which for a patterne doth his practiſe take.*
*It needs no ſycophant to ſet it forth,*
*(The wine is good you well the buſh may ſcorne:)*
*My praiſe-defectiue ſhould detract the worth,*
*Which with ſuch luſtre doth each leafe adorne.*
*All I will ſay is this, it's done ſo well,*
*Some may come nie; ſome match, but none excell.*

Edward Leuenthorpe.

## To my louing Kinſman the Author.

*Thy* Philomela's *ſad (yet well ſung) note,*
*Wrong'd* Sheretine *and* Mariana's *loue:*
Home's Husband: Anna's *Elegies ſo wrote,*
*Thy Songs and Sonnets paſſion deepe did moue;*
*Doe well approue that thy ingenious wit,*
*For euery meaſure, euery ſubiect fit.*

Robert Hannay.

## *Authori.*

Quis tibi Hannæe veteri pro ſtemmate certet?
Gente à Romulidum gens tua quando ve-
Annæi micuere duo, vateſque ſophuſque (nit;
His etiam Hannæus tertius eſſe poteſt.

*Iohannes Dunbar.*

## To his much respected friend Master PATRICK HANNAY.

HAnnay *thy worth bewrayes well whence thou'rt (sprung,*
*And that that honour'd Name thou dost not wrong:*
*As if from* Sorby's *stock no branch could sprout,*
*But should with* Rip'ning-time *beare golden fruit:*
*Thy Anceſtors were euer worthy found,*
*Elſe* Galdus *graue had grac'd no* Hannay's *ground:*
*Thy fathers father* Donald *well was knowne*
*To th'*Engliſh *by his ſword, but thou art ſhowne*
*To them by pen, (times changing)* Hannay's *are*
*Actiue in acts of worth be't peace or warre.*
*Goe on in vertue,* After-times *will tell,*
*None but* A Hannay *could haue done ſo well.*

King Galdus (that Worthie) who ſo brauely fought with the Romans, lies buried in the lands of *Patricke Hannay* of *Kirkdale* in *Gallowey.*

Io: Marſhall.

## Of the Author.

*READER I'm briefe, this Poem's pend ſo well,*
*Of Muſes nine his is the Philomel.*

Iohn Harmar.

*To his friend the Author.*

Laus tua, non tua res, cogit me scribere, vultus
Gratia sic dulcis : os facit haud jubet ars.

M eonian *Chorus now incline to me,*
A *ssist my muse from your* Parnassus *h ie:*
S *ome influence infuse you in my braine,*
T *hat I this Author in a higher straine*
E *fforc'd may be to praise : a simple wit*
R *are ones to praise, nor able is nor fit.*

P ierian *vertues with* Homerian wit,
A *ffixed are to thy ingenious braine :*
T *he penning of these Poems proueth it*
R *ais'd from oblivion in a loftie veine :*
I *n this our age ( though many doe affect*
C *unning in verse, and would be counted rare )*
K *now I none worthy of the like respect,*
E *uer greene Lawrell must fall to thy share.*

H *erein yet doe I nothing flatter thee,*
A *lthough in part thy parts I doe display :*
N *or none will doubt thereof that doth thee see,*
N *eedlesse were faining where such vertues sway:*
A *rt shewes it selfe by thy sweet flowing pen,*
Y *eelding the Wreath to thee from rarest men.*

I.M. C.

## To the Author.

*HEre view the Map of greatneſſe, regall ſtates,*
*Kings throwne from thrones, crownes throwne*
*from royall Mates:*
*Where trech'rous greed to raigne, ambitious ends,*
*Maine rights diuide, intrude falſe foes for friends:*
*Here trie the courſe of warres, there ſee that ſtem,*
*The awfull Scepter, glorious Diadem,*
*Which once Hungarian Kings, maieſticke ſweyd,*
*(Borne to command, though neuer well obeyd)*
*How reard, ſubuers'd, replac'd, defac'd againe,*
*Their Kingdome (vncontinu'd) did remaine.*
*But what in Thee, (than rare) I moſt admire,*
*Is this fierce flame, fraught with Caſtalian fire;*
*Thy pleaſant ſtraine, fram'd in this art diuine*
*And quicke inuention, th'eſſence of engine;*
*Wherein* Apollo *harpes, the* Muſes *prance*
*The font-drawn forked ſharps, with glemings glance*
*This tragick tune to grace; the Nimphs adorne*
*Thee, with immortall fame, of liues forlorne:*
*So do thy Liricks, ſet in tripping meaſures*
*Show skilful wit, ſprung from* Alcinoes *treaſures,*
*Which ſwim on* Demthen, *ſweet* Permeſſen *pleaſures:*
*Thus may thy worth, thy curious works Thee raiſe,*
*Few haue deſeru'd (or can attaine) more praiſe.*

William Lithgow.

## In Imaginem.

*T'Expresse the Authors face, brasse, inke & Art*
*Haue done their best, but for his better part*
*The Grecian* Philomel *in English tongue*
Marian, *a Husband, Elegies well sung,*
*Haue giuen a touch, as in a clawdie night*
*Obscured* Phœbe *shewes her vailed light;*
*And at some turnes where clouds doe ill cohere,*
*With full beames shines out from her siluer sphere;*
*So are his shaded passages of wit,*
*(Where birds doe speake, and women in a fit:)*
*Who could so well haue told faire* Marians *wrong,*
*Or taught the Athenian bird a London song,*
*As he to whom the depth of loue is knowne,*
*And caruing others can cut out his owne:*
*Which in some part is here so well expresst,*
*None but himselfe can represent the rest.*

Robert Alane.

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*Philomela*, or the *Nightingale*, which here followes, is to be sung (by those that please) to the tune set downe before in the frontispice.

# PHILOMELA,

## The Nightingale.

### THE ARGVMENT.



ANDION *King of* Athens, *takes a wife,*
*He dearly loues her, ſhe him with like ſtrife:*
*They iſſue haue, two daughters (who excell)*
Progne *the faire; and fairer* Philomel.
*Fortune befriends not long, death her ſurpriſeth:*
Pandion *grieues, new cauſe of griefe ariſeth,*
*Barbarians him inuade, the Thracian King*
*Them foyles; and ſuccours to the ſieg'd doth bring.*
*Hee's entertain'd;* Cupid *with louing fires*
*Of* Progne *warmes him; ſhee hath like deſires.*
*Hee wooes, ſhee's wonne, her father's glad he ſped:*
*With Princely pompe they ſolemnly doe wed.*
Tereus *with* Progne *vnto* Thrace *returnes:*
Thrace *ioies therfore, therfore ſad* Athens *mourns.*
*Fiue yeeres in* Thrace *they glad together liue,*
Progne *for* Philomela *ginnes to grieue:*
*Longs for her ſight, her husband doth intreat,*
*To worke a way they may together meet.*
*He yeelds, takes ſayle, to* Athens *backe returnes,*
*Vnlawfull loue of* Philomel *him burnes.*
*Her native beautie, and her rich attire,*

*Inrich'd by cunning Art he doth admire.*
*With luſt inrag'd he ſore* Pandion *preſt*
*That ſhe might with him goe, at laſt did wreſt*
*Vnwilling grant: he her commits with teares*
*To* Tereus *charge, his loue ſuſpecting feares.*
*Hee takes his faith, moues her to ſwift returne;*
*They weeping part,* Pandion *left doth mourne.*
*They ſayle, ſee ſhoare, they land, no more delay*
Tereus *can brooke, nor doth hee her aſſay*
*By words, knowing it bootleſſe: to a wood*
*Hee drew her, ſpoke his thought; amaz'd ſhe ſtood.*
*Hee forc'd, ſhee faints; reuiu'd, reuenge of wrong*
*Shee vow'd to take; hee feareſull leſt her tongue*
*Should blaze his crime, he cuts 't out with his blade,*
*That woefull wood a priſon for her made.*
*Then home returnes, faineth her* Funerall,
Progne *her mournes, ſhee vnto worke doth fall,*
*Of party-coloured wooll by skilfull Art,*
*A web ſhee made that did her woes impart.*
Progne *a ſharpe reuenge doth vndertake;*
*Time fauours her deſignes with* Bacchus *wake,*
*Shee takes her out, comes home, her ſtattring childe*
*Shee kills and dreſſes; fury made her wilde:*
*To his ſire for food ſhe giues him, hee doth eat*
*His owne fleſh; his fault* Progne *lets him weat,*
*The ſiſters he perſues, with rage he burn'd,*
*Both hee and they on ſudden birds are turn'd.*

PHILO-

# PHILOMELA,

## The *Nightingale.*

WAlking I chanc'd into a ſhade,
Which top-in-twining trees had made
Of many ſeuerall kinds.
There grew the high aſpiring Elme,
With boughes bathing in gum-like balm,
Diſtilling through their rinds.
The Maple with a skarry skinne
Did ſpread broad pallid leaues:
The quaking Aſpine light and thinne
To th'ayre light paſſage giues:
Reſembling ſtill
The trembling ill
Of tongues of womankinde,
Which neuer reſt,
But ſtill are preſt
To waue with euery winde.

The Mirtle made of nought but sweets,
Loue-loathing *Daphne's* of-spring greets,
whose top no steele ere lop'd;
Nor vnder-boughes with biting beasts
Returning from their fodder-feasts,
for banket nere had crop'd.
The lowly bankes did bath in dew,
which from the tops distild:
There Eglantine and Iuy grew,
sweet Mint and Margiram wilde:
With many more,
*Pomona's* store
Was plentifully plac'd,
That nought did want,
Nor seemed scant,
To please sight, sent, or taste.

The blooming borders fresh and faire,
Were clad with cloathes of colours rare,
Which fairest *Flora* fram'd:
The Hyacinth, the selfe-lou'd lad,
*Adonis*, *Amaranthus* sad,
there pleasing places claim'd.
The Primrose pride of pleasing Prime,
with Roses of each hew:

The Cowſlip, Pinke, and ſauory Thyme,
and Gilly-flower there grew.
The Marygold,
Which to behold
Her louer loaths the night,
Locking her leaues
Shee inward grieues,
When *Sol* is out of ſight.

Vpon the boughs and tops of trees,
Blyth birds did ſit as thicke as Bees
on blooming Beanes doe bait:
And euery Bird ſome louing noat
Did warble thorow the ſwelling throat
to wooe the wanton mate.
There might be heard the throbbing Thruſh,
the Bull-finch blyth her by;
The Blacke-bird in another buſh,
with thouſands more her nie.
The ditties all,
To great and ſmall,
Sweet *Philomel* did ſet,
In all the grounds
Of Muſicke ſounds,
Thoſe darlings did direct.

With pleasure which that place did bring,
Which seem'd to me perpetuall spring,
I was inforc'd to stay:
Leaning me lowly on the ground,
To heare the sweet cœlestiall sound
These *Syluanes* did bewray.
Rauish'd with liking of their songs,
I thought I vnderstood
The seuerall language to each longs,
That lodges in the wood.
Most *Philomel*
Did me compell
To listen to her song,
In sugred straines,
While she complaines
Of tyrant *Tereus* wrong.

Compos'd to sing her saddest dir,
Shee shrowded in a shade did sit,
vnder a budding bryar;
Whose thicknesse so debar'd the light,
It seem'd an artificiall night,
leaues link'd in loue so neare.
It seem'd she was asham'd to show
her selfe in publike place,

By ſight, leſt ſeers ſo might know
Her vndeſeru'd diſgrace.
Hid from the eie,
Shee thought none nie
Was for to pen her plaints;
Shee 'gins relate
Her aduerſe fate,
And thus her paſſion paints.

When Prince *Pandion* held that ſtate
Which was the mirthfull Muſes ſeat,
With learning beautifide;
Gouerning there with peacefull reſt,
Where no diſturbing ſtormes diſtreſt
Thoſe that did there reſide:
In prime of youth he tooke a Dame,
By nature kinde, decor'd
With beautie, vertue vow'd that frame
Should with her gifts be ſtor'd.
I know not which
Did ſeeme moſt rich,
By lauiſhneſſe in giuing;
Each gaue ſo much,
I thinke none ſuch
Was left amongſt the liuing.

With equall heat loue so combin'd
Their hearts, as they were still inclin'd
to will and will the same:
Their mindes so mingled were togeather,
They had nought proper vnto either,
both fires one common flame.
Thus surfetting on loues delight,
where with a matching measure
The one the other doth requite
in equall pitch of pleasure,
Their daies they spent
In sweet content,
Deeming all others wretched,
Whose lesser ioyes,
Mixt with annoyes,
To their full height not stretched.

To adde vnto their happinesse,
And further to increase their blisse,
the heauenly powers conspire,
Of which they (Ioy-drownd) did not dreame,
So perfect did their pleasures seeme,
they could no more desire.
Yet was their comfort so increast,
with of-springs happy store,

As now they thinke they were not blest
With benefits before.
Thus is it knowne
That none doth owne
So much of earthly pleasure,
But that the heare,
A little part,
May hold a greater measure.

We were by Muses nine nurst vp,
We drunke with Heliconian cup,
their number did increase,
The goodly gifts, the graces three
Gaue to vs, we did multiply
to number numberlesse.
No syllable could from vs slide,
but in consenting sound,
Our lookes, and gestures, who espide,
The graces in them found.
Each had such feature,
And good stature,
As iust proportion grac'd,
With colours rare
To make vs faire,
By Natures pensill plac'd.

Thus

Thus did both heauen and earth conſpire
To fill our Fathers deare deſire,
with heaped happineſſe.
But when things heere are at the hight,
Vnlookt for lot doth often light,
and driues them to diſtreſſe.
As when the Moone hath fild her horne,
ſhee ſtraight begins to waine,
And when the flowing force is worne,
the tyde then turnes againe:
For heere no ſtate
Is free from fate,
With Time all turnes about:
Oft riſe the ſmall,
The great oft fall,
When they doe nothing doubt.

If pleaſures heere were permanent,
Free from diſturbing diſcontent,
not any wayes annoy'd,
Wee ſhould not reliſh our delights,
So dull ſhould be our appetites,
with ſenſleſſe ſurfet cloy'd.
Therefore that we may better taſte,
each ſweet hath many ſowres,

The brighteſt blinck is quickly paſt,
and baniſhed with ſhowres:
Alſo to ſhow
That we doe owe
To changing time, wee're toſt
When leaſt we feare,
It is moſt neere,
And our deſignes are croſt.

So with my father did it fare,
Whom megre death did vnaware
depriue of his belou'd
My mother; ſickneſſe ſo her ſeis'd,
As paine it ſelfe did ſeeme diſpleas'd,
and ſenſes all remou'd:
Shee ſeis'd with ceaſeleſſe ſleep, gaue firſt
*Pandion* cauſe of cares;
Which *Athens* woe ſoone after nurſt,
and bath'd in brinie teares.
Thus euer ſtill
Preceding ill
Is followed faſt with more:
Nere comes alone
One cauſe of moane,
Its company'd with ſtore.

Before

Before her death-bred griefe was ſwag'd,
*Barbarians* were ſo inrag'd,
(Gaping for greedy gaine,
Incourag'd by his careleſneſſe,
Whom they deem'd drunken with exceſſe,
they doubt not to obtaine.)
As they wall'd round rich *Athens* walls,
with warriors about,
So fainting feare our force appal's,
it dares no where looke out,
Feare forc'd ſome ſound,
And did confound
In others reſolution,
All were deiected,
So vnexpected,
Was Fortunes reuolution.

In midſt of this our great diſtreſſe,
Which did our former feares increaſe,
Such troupes we did behold,
As with their brau'ry brau'd the skies,
And dazled the beholders eyes,
with beame-rebating gold,
In front with lofty plume in pride,
mounted on ſtately Steed,

The likelieſt of all did ride,
who ſeem'd the reſt to leade,
Curuetting oft,
Pranſing aloft,
His Courſer proud diſdaines
To be controld
By Bit of gold,
Scorning commanding raines.

But when he did approch more neare,
He baniſhed that former feare
conceiued by his ſight:
He forc'd our foes ſoone to retire,
Who to reſiſt had ſmall deſire,
they faintly fell in flight.
We muſed much what he ſhould be,
who with vnasked aid,
So ſuddenly did ſet vs free,
and all our foes diſmay'd;
All ran to ſee,
As he came nye,
And fixt on him their ſight,
And all thoſe eies
Which him eſpies,
Were taken with delight.

The ſtreetes as he did paſſe along,
With gold were garniſhed and hung,
all brauely beautifide;
The pauement pau'd with pleaſing flowres,
The ſpoiles of *Flora's* fragrant bowres,
where *Tereus* did ride:
Such was his name who vs reſtor'd,
of warlike *Thracia* King,
Whom in triumphant wiſe decor'd,
my father in did bring:
In manner meet
Each other greet,
And kindly entertaine:
T'his Palace faire,
To ſolace there,
He brings him and his traine.

There banqueting with dainties beſt,
To pleaſe the too too curious taſt,
which ſea or land doth yeeld,
With ſweet diſcourſes mixt among,
Where a delightfull pleaſing tongue
did roue in *Reth'rick* field,
When *Tereus* ſaw my ſiſter faire,
*Progne* he pric'd her ſuch,

As he beleeu'd no beauties were
beſide, ſhe had ſo much.
His heart deſires,
His eye admires
Her pleaſing forme and features:
He thinkes all elſe
Shee farre excells
In goodly gifts of Nature.

When that his fancy on her face
Doth feed, there growes no other gra[illegible]
hee thinkes in other parts:
It ſeemes the curious Cabinet,
Where Nature had that treaſure ſet
that moſt bewitches hearts.
A rowling eye, whence thouſand flights
of gold-dipt-darts doe flye;
Whereof the leaſt with loue delights
could wound a deitie.
Th'alluring glances
Which by chances
From thoſe two ſunnes did dart,
Loue borow'd ſtill,
When he had will
To fire a froſty heart.

A forehead where in-thronizit
Graue maiesty in state did sit,
with humblenesse attyr'd;
Where meeknes made the meaner hope,
And maiestie cut short the scope
of Pride, that high aspir'd.
Soft wauing Seas of sable haire,
that hew was iudg'd by loue
The best, and aptest to insnare,
milde *Zephyrus* did moue.
In careleſſe curles,
He oft it hurles,
He wantonnesse bewrayes:
He oft it flung
Her backe along,
And beautie best displayes.

A cheeke where purest white, with red
Of deepest dye, was ouer-spred,
and meeting so were mixt,
As neither red nor white they seeme,
But both in one made beauties beame,
these colours two betwixt.
Her ruby lips when they doe kisse,
couer prime pearly rowes;

When they that kinde coniunction misse,
*Arabian* sweet out-flowes:
One sure would thinke,
As shee did drinke,
That bloud light *Bacchus* fils,
That it did passe,
As through a glasse,
Gray Claret wine distils.

What shame permits not to espie,
He with Imaginations eie
Doth see, and values most:
He viewes it o're, and o're againe,
Seekes for a fault, but all in vaine,
His labour there was lost.
Its seldome seene but some defect,
By prudent Nature's plac'd,
To make the best be more respect,
With glory more be grac'd;
Yet no where here,
There doth appeare
Least foile, all was so faire,
As fir'd him so;
He did not know,
To hope, or to despaire.

Thus was he firſt enamoured,
And ſtill his louing fancie fed,
While on her face he gaz'd,
His prying preſt a beautie-bluſh,
In crimſon coat, her face to fluſh,
In *Cupids* fire it blaz'd.
Thus forc'd with fainting feuers fit,
His quaking heart did tremble,
*Where loue's deepe grounded, there's no wit*
*Can his ſure ſignes diſſemble.*
He cooles and burnes,
Heart inward mournes,
He hopes, he oft doth feare;
Shee may conſent,
May not relent,
May yeeld, may chance not heare.

My father (as Phyſitian good)
By ſignes his ſickneſſe vnderſtood,
(Hauing like paſſion prou'd)
He knew the ſalue could ſooneſt ſlacke
His ſickneſſe, and his paine beat backe,
Was *Progne*, his belou'd.
By matching him and her, he thinkes
Such friendſhip to indeare,

As

As bound by wedlocks holy linkes,
He needes no foe to feare.
*Thus policie,*
*Long time we see,*
*Hath euer had two ends,*
*One is a traine,*
*But still the maine*
*To priuate profit tends.*

He giues these louers leaue together,
*Terem* speakes not alone left with her,
But in his heart doth pray
That she had boldnesse to begin,
In such a muse his minde was in,
He knew not what to say:
Still rumbling is the little Ryll,
Deepe Riuers silent moue;
That deepest passion is most still,
Experience doth proue.
He much doth feare
Shee will not heare,
If he good will should proffer,
His often dread,
Not to come speed,
Driues him he dares not offer.

Shee muſes thus to ſee him mute,
Shee feares hee follow not his ſute,
(Which ſhe deemes her vndoing.)
When he reſolued had to ſpeake,
What he ſhould ſay, he had to ſeeke,
(He was not wiſe in wooing.)
*When plainly we our paſſion tell,*
*It maketh much in mouing,*
*A ſimple innocence ſo well,*
*Bewrayes a heart much louing:*
*For euer thoſe*
*Who (apt to gloſe)*
*Too ſpeedy are in ſpeech,*
*Loue doe not ſhow,*
*But make Maids know,*
*They kindly can beſeech.*

His ſpeeches had more pleaſing ſound,
With Rhetorick did more abound,
Vnto my ſiſters ſenſe,
Then theirs who by their skilfull Art,
With Sophiſtrie can truth peruert,
To cleare a foule offence.
Shee willingly doth heare him wooe,
Shee's pleas'd to heare him plead,

Shee

Shee could at firſt encounter, bow,
But doubts doe make her dread
Leſt quickly woon,
He ſhould haue done,
His fancie ſhould take flight:
*Oft ſoone obtain'd,*
*Are ſoone diſdain'd:*
*Such loue is counted light.*

Thus on ſhee drawes him with delay,
Shee neither grants, nor giues a nay,
(For feare he flee the field;)
Her yeelding bluſh doth make him bold,
To re-inforce, and to vnfold
All meanes to make her yeeld;
He vowes, proteſts, and deeply ſweares,
His loue to her ſhall neuer
Languiſh, with length of lingring yeares,
Nor faith faile he doth giue her.
I grant, ſhee ſaid,
No more he ſtaid,
But at her word did take her,
With purple red,
All ouer-ſpred,
Sweet Virgin ſhame did make her.

My father knowing th'had decreed
To wed, and were thereon agreed,
He left his pawſing paine:
For he had muſed in his minde,
To make her heart thereto inclinde,
And beat his buſie braine.
Now all doe haſte with like deſire,
To ſolemnize thoſe rites,
Which holy *Hymen* doth require,
'fore lawfull loue-delights.
They make ſuch haſte,
The time they chac't,
Which little liſt makes long,
The ſmalleſt ſtay
That doth delay
Inioying 's iudg'd a wrong.

The longed day is come ſhould crowne
Their wiſh'd deſires, ſweet Dorick ſoune
Doth deafe the itching eare,
Shrill eccho in the rocks did ring,
Repeating what the ſiſters ſing
In Prince *Apollo's* quier;
Kind Natures Quiriſters increaſt,
Mounting in cryſtall skies,

The

The gods inuite vnto this feaſt,
Which angry-heauen denies.
They did enuie
Felicitie
Should ſuch on earth be ſeene:
To Tragicke end
Theſe ioyes ſhould tend,
The grieued gods doe meane.

The furies brands aloft did beare
For *Hymenean* candles cleare,
Which lent a diſmall light:
The Rauen and the night-Crow cry,
The ominous Owle abroad doth fly
By day, and not by night.
*Iuno* that bleſſeth firſt the bed
Of happy wedded louers,
Came not, in ſaffron colours clad,
*Hymen* affrighted, houers,
Not daring there
Make his repaire,
(With preſage dire diſmai'd.)
The Muſes dread,
The Graces fled,
They were no leſſe afraid.

Yet did they dally in delights,
And reuell at vnhallowed rites,
Till time, (which nought can ſtay)
Told *Tereus* his loue-delaies,
His home-left-*Thracian* diſmaies,
Their comfort gan decay.
They feare his ſafety, he farewell
Muſt bid, *Progne* doth plaine:
A pearly ſhowre of liquid haile
Out o're her cheekes did raine.
*A tender heart,*
*Such bitter ſmart,*
*With ſorrow doth ſuppreſſe,*
*When bitter cup*
*Doth interrup*
*New taſted happineſſe.*

Yet bootes it not, ſhe muſt be gone,
*Tereus* her traines (though weeping) on,
And we alike lament:
Our ſorrow ſo diuided was,
Halfe with vs ſtaid, and halfe did paſſe,
Whither that Couple went.
They ſhipp'd, a luſty gale of winde
So proſp'rouſly did blow,

The ſailes ſuffice fild from behinde,
There needeth none to row:
They ſoone came nie,
Where they would be,
And doe perceiue the land;
They ſee the ſhore
All peopled o're
With thoſe he did command.

For Fame the Ayrie winged Poſt,
(By going greater) fils the coſt
Of Thrace, with comming-cries;
Her trumpet ſounds his ſafe returne,
The ſhores with blazing-beacons burn,
Where cries confus'dly riſe,
Which vntir'd Eccho in the hils,
(With her redoubling voice)
So multiplies, the aire it fils;
The gods ſeeme to reioyce:
The multitude
Confus'dly ſtood
Vpon the ſheluie ſhore,
He happieſt ſeemes
Next *Neptunes* ſtreames,
Can draw, though drowne therefore.

The ſmaller (yet the ſager) ſort,
Doe minde a more Maieſtick ſport,
Rough rudeneſſe they diſdaine;
Moſt ſtately triumphs they deuiſe,
After the victors gorgious guiſe,
*Tereus* to entertaine.
Altars with Incence ſweetly ſmoke,
Prieſts *Io-Pean* ſing:
The tottering ſteeples reele and rocke,
(So rowling bells doe ring.)
This day ſo glad,
To thoſe they adde
Which ſacred they obſeru'd,
From yearely mirth
For *Itys* birth,
His firſt-borne they nere ſweru'd.

WHat time *Tytan* our height had ſcal'd,
Summer had ſwear, winter had hail'd,
Autumne had fild her lap,
Fiue times the Spring in fragrant flowres
Was deck'd, warme ſliding ſunnie ſhowres
The ſoaking earth did ſap.
When pleaſing *Progne's* longing loue
For *Philomela's* ſight

Grew

Grew wake-rife, and ſuch thoughts did moue,
*As leſſens large delight,*
*When we depart*
*From what our hart*
*With liking once hath lou'd,*
*Abſence intires,*
*And more indeares,*
The more it is remou'd.

This abſence kindling longing-loue,
Makes *Progne* all her practiques proue,
Deferres not her deſire.
*Woman (who would) delay diſdaines,*
*Who doth denie, and who detaines*
*With hope, hath equall hire.*
Fearing refuſall, ſhe puts on
A looke that moſt allures,
And drawes the eie, nor that alone,
Her of her ſuit aſſures.
Such weightie words
Her wit affords,
As for to moue were meet,
With louing charmes
Him in her armes
Kiſſing, doth thus intreat.

Dearer